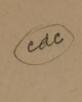


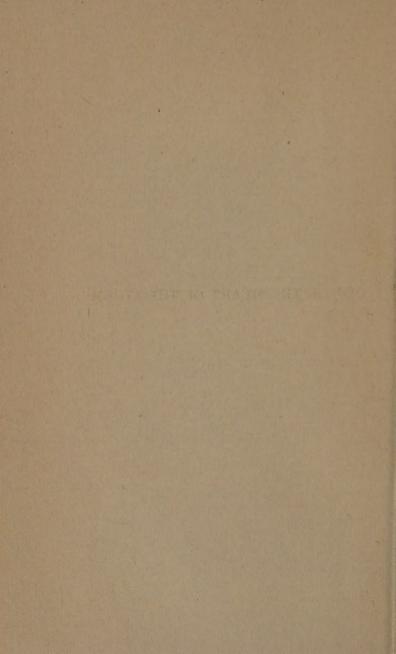
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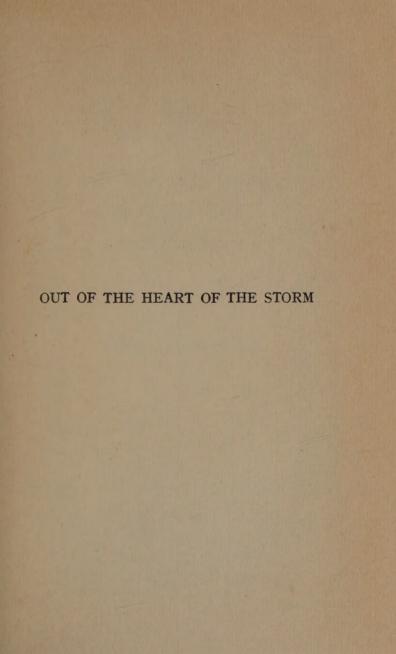


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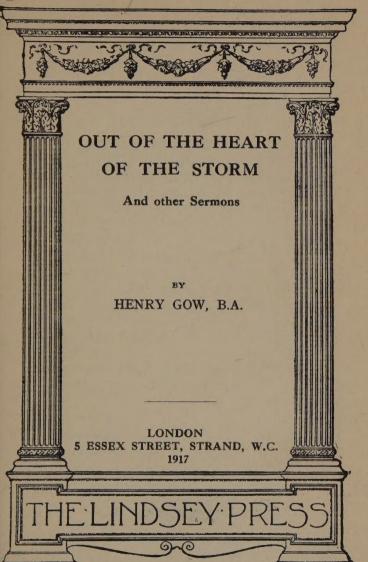
WEST FOOTHILL AT COLLEGE AVENUE CLAREMONT, CALIFORNIA







Sermon



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PREFACE

THE Sermons printed in this book have been preached at Rosslyn Hill Chapel, Hampstead, or at Manchester College, Oxford, during the years 1916 and 1917. I have not attempted to alter the form or to delete references to current events.

They are written by one who believes with President Wilson that 'right is more precious than peace,' and that no personal sorrow or loss should discourage us and turn us from our firm resolve to overthrow the Prussian autocracy. They are written too in the growing confidence that faith in God and in the supremacy of Love has become more and not less possible and real through the conflict and agony of recent times.

HENRY GOW.

Hampstead,
May 8th, 1917.

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OUT OF THE HEART OF THE STORM

Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid.—Mark vi. 50.

THERE are two miracles reported of Jesus in connexion with storms at sea and there is a suggestive difference between them. Of course, I am not going to treat them as mere miracles or marvels

appealing to our astonishment.

There is nothing of religious or moral value in a mere miracle. It would be an amazing thing if anyone by a word could still the waves of the sea or walk upon its surface, but it would not prove that he is a good man or that he is a messenger from God. It might prove that he had strange unheard-of powers, but it does not prove that he is divine. Still less does it prove that he is brave and loving and self-sacrificing. It rather suggests that there can be no opportunity in his life for courage or

self-sacrifice. It would make him a marvel; it might show that he was other than ordinary men; it would not show that he was essentially nobler than ordinary men.

The real things which call out that loving wonder which leads to reverence and which makes us bow down with a sense of mystery and divine beauty are common things. sight of the midnight sky and the stars in their majestic order ranging the immensities of space, the glory of a sunset, the song of a bird, the delicate loveliness of a flower, the smile on a sleeping baby's face; yes, and the look of peace on the face of the dead are far more wonderful and moving things than the sight of a man walking upon the sea. These are the things which exalt and inspire us. They give us a deeper sense of underlying beauty and love than any mere miracle could do. Still more is it true that simple human courage and tenderness and the power in a man's soul to calm our fears and uplift our spirit are far more wonderful and inspiring than any unusual and unexpected marvel. The real wonders are the things which are happening all around us every day. We live and move and have our being in a world which is full of divine mystery, full of things we do not understand and which speak to us of a beyond. Joy and sorrow, life and death, love and courage, and suffering and self-sacrifice all whisper to us: 'I have many things to say unto you, but ve cannot bear them now.' We cannot bear them now, not because they are too painful and sad-Jesus assuredly did not mean that-but because they are too wonderful and too divine. He was not forewarning us against a heavier burden and suggesting that more truth would mean more pain. He was promising more light, more love, more joy as we enter more deeply into the meaning of life, and as God reveals to us His purposes.

These miracles then only become great and moving, they only become worthy of Christ if we think of them spiritually.

In the first miracle, Jesus is with his disciples in the boat asleep on a pillow. A storm arises and they find themselves in danger. Then they wake him and say: 'Save Lord, lest we perish.' He stands amongst them in his quiet calm strength and a great peace comes into their hearts. The load of fear is lightened. In his face, they see the love of God. They are ashamed

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of their cowardice. The storm is no longer the all-important thing. It seems to vanish into nothingness in the presence of his love. That is a wonder indeed, but it is a wonder that happens every day; that sense of peace when our beloved ones are near us; that influence of courage over fearful hearts, that feeling of calm in the midst of pain, when a strong, loving, fearless man is by our side. How many of us could say to some man or woman whom we reverence and in whom we feel God near: 'Let me hold your hand; let me look into your face and I can bear anything. I am not afraid of death with you. The storm is nothing, if only you are near!'

But the second so-called miracle is different from this. The disciples were alone in the boat. There was no Jesus to awaken; no Jesus whose hand they could hold, whose face they could see, no Jesus by their side, sharing their peril and giving them confidence. The storm falls upon them. They are tossed to and fro; they feel their helplessness and solitude. Jesus is hidden from them by the darkness. And then he speaks to them out of the heart of the storm. Not from the boat, but from the heart of

the storm come the words: 'It is I: be not afraid.' At first, they think him something to be frightened at, a part of the storm, a portent and a thing of dread. And then they feel his presence in the storm itself and realize that in the darkness and the danger, enveloped in mystery, but living and working, love is there.

That is where many of us have to look into the heart of the storm-not in the presence of our loved ones close to us. comforting us by their words and looks, sharing our dangers in the boat, but out there in the storm and darkness amongst destructive forces, speaking to us by their life and by their death from a distance.

The story is given in our New Testament account at a much later stage in the life of Christ than the stilling the waves-and rightly so. It marks a development in Christ's influence over his disciples. They could do without him, or rather they could feel his presence and his love at a distance, as real or more real than when he was with them in the ship.

Deep, true love, of course, makes us want our loved ones with us always; it wants to see and touch and hold them fast. It wants the benediction of their presence in the common ways of life. But love at its best can do without them better than a weaker love. It can feel their inspiration in the darkness. It can see the divine light of love walking in the midst of the storm. It is not absolutely dependent upon their bodily presence for its courage and its strength. It has gained something of supreme importance from them which remains through separation and death.

The love and reverence of the disciples for Jesus gave them this feeling of his presence in the storm. It is something like the feeling expressed in the well-known

lines of 'In Memoriam'-

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.
Far off thou art, yet ever nigh;
I have thee still, and I rejoice;

I have thee still, and I rejoice; I prosper, circled with thy voice; I shall not lose thee, though I die.

But through the influence of Jesus, the perception of the disciples was deeper. They felt his spirit ruling not only in beautiful and peaceful scenes, but in the midst of the darkness and danger round them.

That feeling of Jesus in the heart of the storm, in the raging winds and waves, in the destruction and violence which threatened them is the highest perception of love. It is the transfiguration of danger and

suffering through love.

We are to-day living in a world of darkness and storm. More than any private sorrows, we feel the danger to all we value most in our national life. We are anxious and troubled and we feel deeply our helplessness. We seem to be driven by the waves and tossed and to be unable to direct our course. We must not exaggerate the danger. There is no reason for discouragement. Even the practical, intelligent man ought to realize there is much cause for hope, and still more those who have a firm faith in the power of righteousness and truth. Let us remember that we are here as a result of our own deliberate choice. We knew that we were choosing suffering and loss, and we believed that we were choosing right. We knew that there must be mistakes and failures and unexpected dangers; we knew we were committing ourselves to a great and perilous adventure which would involve unspeakable suffering. We knew that as a

nation we should have to drink of the cup of sorrow and pain and in answer to the question: 'Are ye able to bear it?' we replied: 'Yes, we are able.' We felt that however bitter the cup, we would choose to drink of it rather than refuse to be partakers in the great and awful conflict for freedom and for right. Day by day and week by week, our strength and faith are being tried more strongly. It is still a long way from the end. There is still much to bear, much to do before the longedfor end can be attained. We have to prove to ourselves and to the world that no confusion dismays us, no sorrow discourages us, no suffering turns us from our firm and strong resolve.

There is something deeper and more real than pain and sorrow in the storm. The pain and sorrow are there, terribly real, almost overwhelming, but they are not the only things. The brutal facts are not to be dissipated by thought and emotion, but there are other facts, other aspects, not brutal but divine. As the disciples felt the power and love of Jesus in the storm, so we can feel the love and courage of countless thousands giving themselves for our freedom

and our peace. They bear witness to a love greater than their own; they speak to us of a divine reality of goodness which is in the midst of the darkness and the pain.

There is something more than shot and shell and wounds and death: in the midst of it is the unconquerable spirit of love and of self-sacrifice, something which gleams with divine light and speaks to us of eternal things. We must not be frightened and dismayed or bowed down with anxiety and sorrow. We must be worthy of our loved ones. There is a mystery in the storm and the heart of that mystery is Love. 'Love never faileth. Love beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.' Out of the midst of destruction and death, the voice of our loved ones comes to us: 'It is I. be not afraid.' They speak to us of peace; not the peace of apathy and ignorance, but the peace of calm strength and courage and faith in right. Nothing can happen to them or to ourselves which is outside of, and apart from the love of God. In the heart of the storm, there is the peace of love.

We remember the words of Jesus amidst

10 Out of the Heart of the Storm

the violence of his enemies and in the face of death: 'Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.'

THE LONELINESS OF CHRIST

Behold, the hour cometh, yea, is now come, that ye shall be scattered, every man to his own, and shall leave me alone: and yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.—John xvi. 32.

JESUS was assuredly not what is called a self-sufficient man. There are some people who are comparatively indifferent to praise or blame, to loving or being loved. No one, except a madman, is absolutely indifferent to the feelings of his fellows. Even a hermit likes to think that the villagers are regarding him in his loneliness with respect. No man can live sanely without some association with others, in thought at least, if not in actual daily contact. But there are some people who are far more independent than others. They can get on without much sympathy or

help. They do not lean on others and they do not want others to lean on them. They pursue their own way and do their own work. They resent opposition, but they have no idea of winning love. They are full of themselves, and they treat others rather as instruments for their own purposes than as living independent souls. They are essentially egoists whose world centres entirely in themselves.

Assuredly, Jesus was not one of this type of character. He was deeply sympathetic, moved by the joys and sorrows of others, and was full of that quick perception for the beauty and good in human nature. which can only come to those who are not self-immersed and self-centred. He lived much in the lives of those around him: he was continually thinking of them and working for them and loving them. He went about doing good and found much of his happiness in ministering to their needs. But to say that he went about doing good is after all to give a somewhat conventional and unreal description of Jesus. It is possible to be very self-sufficient and even self-satisfied and yet to go about doing good. Just as there are some selfish people

for whom the world mainly consists of objects to be used for the obtaining of their own pleasure or advantage, so there are some benevolent people for whom the world chiefly consists of objects on whom they can exercise their pity. The chief reason for the existence of other people is that they are there to be helped, to be organized, to be led, to be taken in hand. The poor exist for the charity of the rich. the foolish for the instruction of the wise. the sick for the pleasure and interest of doctors, the sinful for the exercise of the saints. They think of people in trouble and difficulty chiefly as objects, as recipients, as patients. They are there not to give, but to receive. Their purpose in life is just to afford interesting occupation and to supply a means of virtuous action and development to strong, wise, benevolent people who would otherwise find time hang heavy on their hands.

That theory as to the purpose and meaning of the sick and the poor and the ignorant and the sinful, is not often formulated and faced in such a way, but it is not unfrequently implicit in the minds of those who go about doing good. If these troubles did not exist, my occupation would be gone. Instead of being really troubled by the troubles of other people, they would, if they were quite honest, thank God for them. All their happiness and interest in life consists in dealing with those troubles, and they would find themselves at a loss if those troubles did not exist. They may think that they want a world of peace and joy and justice and high intelligence and order, but at the back of their mind, unconscious and yet active is the feeling, thank God these needs will last my time.

That is the most subtle and perilous form of egotism, that benevolence which demands and delights in a world of suffering and sorrow and sin as a field in which to exercise its instinct for organization and control

and helpfulness.

That is what the conventional picture of Jesus as a self-sufficient, independent man who needed nothing and who went about doing good, sometimes suggests. It is, of course, entirely untrue of Jesus. He was not always concerned with helping other people. He found delight, as no self-sufficient, benevolent egoist can find it, in the mere contemplation of other people's

beauty and goodness. The widow woman who cast into the treasury two mites which make a farthing, was thought of by Jesus not as some one to whom he could do good, nor even as some one who had done him good; she was not a patient to be healed or helped. She was a great, heroic giver. No benevolent egoist would have noticed her, or if he had, he would have done so, only in order to present her with a sum of money ten times as great as that which she cast into the treasury. Jesus gives her nothing. He does not even praise her to her face. He only whispers his admiration of her deed to his disciples. He rejoices in her act: he does not as a benevolent egoist would do, ask himself what shall I do to her in return for it. He does not think of her as an object, and himself as the central figure. He does not think of her in relation to himself at all. It is just pure, impersonal pleasure and reverence which is called out in him by looking at her deed.

There is the same impersonal joy and reverence in his attitude towards little children. He does not think of them merely as poor, weak, ignorant, little things, to be instructed and guarded and cared

for, as if the sole purpose of their lives was for other people to look after them. Nor did he delight in them merely because they loved him, although no doubt, children did love and cling to him, but it is not merely their love towards himself which he values. He valued them for themselves. He liked to watch them without trying to do anything for them or to embrace them or to make them love him. There was something in them apart from himself altogether which he felt to be great and wonderful. reverenced their individual life. He forgot himself in watching them and remembered God. That is what no benevolent egoist can do; he either wants to teach them a lesson or to make them love him. He cannot be content with leaving them alone. He must always be and doing good.

Then further, besides this impersonal admiration and delight in others for their own sake, Jesus felt a deep desire for love and help. The great sympathizers and friends of humanity need as much sympathy and love and friendship as they give.

Sympathy which does not ask for sympathy, love which does not long for love, friendship which does not seek for friendship,

is too proud, too hard, too self-sufficient. It is not the highest kind of sympathy which is always feeling for other people and which does not care a jot whether they care anything for us. Sympathy means a deep sense of fellowship, sharing in the joys and sorrows of other people, feeling as they feel, seeing as they see; it means a participation in their life, a community of soul. But it does not mean losing our own individuality and merging ourselves in a crowd. There is nothing superior about it, nothing which marks us off as different from others: it is just human comradeship, a deep sense of relation and fellowship with others. The true sympathizers still have a life of their own: they have their own joys and sorrows and hopes and fears, and they want to receive sympathy as well as to give it. They see and feel with others, and in so doing, they want others to see and feel with them. If they did not want this, they would be sympathetic egoists; they would be claiming a superiority and apartness which is utterly opposed to the ideal of true fellowship. The sense of union, which is the heart of true sympathy, makes them desire that others should feel with them as they feel with others. It is the same with love and friendship. True love is not content with loving. It wants to be loved. Love means not mere kind acts and words. It means the feeling of something kindred, something that belongs to us in those we love. We cannot be indifferent to what those we love feel towards us. It is right and well to admire and reverence others as it were in God. without caring what they think of us and without any thought of self, but true love is not content with loving. It wants to be loved. There is nothing selfish in this. It would be much more selfish to be entirely content with loving. That would be to treat others as mere objects or instruments for the exercise of love. Real love is from one half dependent, half independent, half weak, half strong man or woman towards another. It is the feeling of an equal, not a superior. It is not mere benevolence and condescension. It does not say 'You are there just to be loved: I do not care what you feel. Your feelings are nothing to me.' That is not the highest kind of love. Real love means asking as well as giving; it means the desire for an interchange of soul; it longs for response. It is capable of going on in trust and affection through hardness and misunderstanding, 'bearing all things, believing all things, hoping all things,' but it cannot be content with this. It longs not merely to give, but to receive; and it desires this, not because of the selfishness but the humility of love. That love would be a proud, hard, egotistic thing which thought only of loving and which had no need of being loved.

There can be no question that in Jesus, there was this deep-seated longing for love and friendship united with his infinite capacity for loving. We remember how he took his three dearest friends up with him into the mountain of Transfiguration. We remember how he took them with him into the garden of Gethsemane, when he was facing death, and that sad question in which all his love and longing for sympathy is expressed: 'Could ye not watch with me one hour?' In his moments of highest joy and communion and his moments of deepest agony, he wanted his friends near him. He wanted to feel their sympathy and love. His life was not all giving and doing good. He was dependent upon others; he longed for their friendship, their help. He asked much from others.

To realize this gives us a higher, nobler, and more human conception of Jesus. He does not stand apart from and above us as a mere bountiful giver, needing nothing, asking nothing, self-sufficient, on a height, removed from all our cares and troubles. He was one with humanity. He was sensitive and dependent, keenly alive to the feelings of those about him. This great lover of humanity wanted also to be loved. He could not be content to stand in dreary isolation, only giving in a superior way, scattering blessings on inferior people from whom he wanted nothing in return. very reverence for others made him feel that they, too, could do something for him as well as his doing something for them.

But he could stand alone. He knew the loneliness of life as only those who feel to the full the blessings of love and sympathy can feel it. The deepest loneliness is that of men who have known the heights of love. That is the loneliness of a young soldier on the battlefield as he thinks of home, as he remembers the peace and beauty of old days, and the yearning of his loved ones for his

safety, and then prepares himself to go out and face death, realizing he is himself alone, and that no love can save him from the peril. Iesus knew that life is not only loving and being loved. He knew that strange and awful experience: 'I am myself and stand alone with God.' He knew that when he was praised and blamed, it was by people who only half understood him. Not even our nearest and dearest know all our thoughts and feelings. There is something in each of us which eludes knowledge. which is too deep for understanding. We know good and evil in ourselves which no one else can know. We have to realize that our acts and our thoughts are our own. that we are responsible for them, and no one else. There is a hidden inner life of the soul in every man, which is himself, and in which he stands alone with God. Whatever the love about us it is still true that it is I who have to suffer pain, I who have to risk my life, my happiness, I who am bereaved, I who have to make this choice or that, I who have to decide for myself before God in the great crises of life and death. I am myself and no one else. Others may sympathize, and love and try

to help me, and yet I am alone with God. We do not lose our individuality through love: we find it and are made to feel more deeply the essential loneliness of life. That sense of an independent self, of a certain separation from every one and from everything does not lessen the value of sympathy and love. It rather deepens and enhances it, because it means that in recognizing this sacred selfhood of our own, we recognize it in others too. They are not mere sympathizers and lovers, or objects of our sympathy and love; they are independent personalities related first of all to God. Those others whom we love, whom we would so gladly guard with our own lives and save from pain and sorrow if only it were possible, they are not merely ours. They have an independent, wonderful existence of their own. They have a life to live with God. It is not merely my son. my husband, or my brother who is in danger and called upon to die. It is God's child, not merely mine but God's, who has to face these perils and to bear this pain. I cannot with all my love, my longing, my sympathy, save them from suffering, or live their life, or die their death. And they,

in their turn, cannot, whatever they may feel for me, save me from pain or death. We are independent lovers and friends. caring intensely, one with each other in thought and feeling and yet not absolutely one. There is something separate, isolated, distinct in each of us. something which belongs not to each other, but to God. Our closest and most sacred union is in that meeting of independent souls in God. is when we realize our loneliness, our independence, our personal relationship to God, that our love finds its highest meaning and fulfilment upon earth. We love each other best when we feel in one another something which is not ours, but God's, when we feel that mystery of individuality, that relationship of each soul to the unseen and eternal, when we can say of ourselves and of others in darkness and danger and loneliness: 'And yet we are not alone, because the Father is with us.' In feeling God's love which never leaves us, our own love grows more confident, more calm, more deep, and we can trust in the divine love as the supreme reality in life and death.

III

THE SACRIFICE OF CHRIST

Whosoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life shall preserve it.—Luke xvii. 33.

THAT seems the wildest of paradoxes, and yet it is the deepest truth in Christianity. I think Paul was more justified than some of his critics will allow when he passes by with hardly a word the deeds and teaching of Jesus in his earthly life and fixes his whole thought upon the sacrifice which Jesus offered up of himself upon the Cross. He did it with deliberate intention. 'I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified.'

It is very curious at first sight that Paul who was probably about the same age as Jesus, who had lived much in Jerusalem and who, whether he had actually seen Jesus or not, must have heard many details

about him from his disciples, should hardly refer to his earlier life and teaching in his Letters.

The Gospels had not been written when Paul was writing those letters of his to the newly founded Churches, so that his silence cannot be explained by saying that full details about Jesus existed elsewhere. It must always be a matter of regret and to some extent of wonder, that in these letters of Paul, the earliest of all New Testament writings, and the most authentic, that is, the most certainly written by the man whose name they bear, there is little or no information about the earthly life of Jesus. He hardly refers to any of the teachings of Jesus. He does not give us any details of his life. The one thing on which he concentrates his attention and the attention of his readers is on the self-sacrifice of Jesus in his death and on the victory of that selfsacrifice. Christ's death and Christ's resurrection: those are Paul's constant theme. It is the central soul for him of Christianity. Christ's voluntary sacrifice of himself upon the Cross and his triumph over death-this is for him the highest and most complete revelation of the love of God. He is not concerned with holding Christ up for admiration or even for imitation. It is not merely a great and good man dying for his brethren and asking for our gratitude. It is the triumph of Love which he celebrates, Love broken, tortured, killed, and yet supreme, gaining life through death and giving life through death to those who follow him.

The death of Jesus meant for Paul the fulfilment of the words of Jesus: 'He that loseth his life shall find it,' and it meant even more than this. It meant: He that loseth his life shall give life to the world and shall reveal the love of God to men.

I think we should be quite mistaken in imagining that for Paul, the character of Christ's life on earth was a matter of complete indifference, or that he said, as it were, to himself, I do not care how a man lives, if only he dies nobly. There was no question in Paul's mind that the life and teaching of Jesus Christ were beautiful and true. He took it for granted that his readers knew this and believed this. We may wish very much that he had not taken it so entirely for granted, and that he had told them

something of the details he had heard, but his silence is not suggestive of any doubts on the question of Christ's character. He writes continually under the influence of that reverence for Christ and with a deep understanding of the character of Christ. The thirteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians, that great hymn of Love, is an interpretation of the inner nature of Jesus. It was written by a man who had felt deeply the beauty and the meaning of the spirit of Jesus. It is filled with the thought of Christ, the inspiration of Christ, although no word or act of Christ is mentioned. Nothing could be more mistaken than to imagine that Paul took no interest at all in the earthly life of Jesus and that he was quite uninfluenced by it. That life was a continual inspiration to him, as it was to the writer of John's Gospel and gave him his insight into the heights of human nature. When he writes about Love, he is thinking of Jesus.

But on the other hand, it would be true, I think, to say that the morality of Jesus and the religion of Jesus were not the things which seemed to him of most importance. He did not try to describe the moral character of Jesus; he did not talk about his

gentleness and kindness and meekness and courage. Nor did he attempt to give an account of the religion of Jesus. He did not say this is what Jesus taught about God and man. This is what he thought and believed about the fundamental problems of existence. You cannot get the Theology of Iesus from the Letters of Saint Paul. nor can you get any clear idea of his personality in daily life. We can be glad and thankful that other later writers have given us some knowledge of Christ's life and teachings in the four Gospels, but we should be unjust to Paul if we blame him for omitting them. He was concerned with one thing only-the triumph of Christ's sacrifice. It is characteristic of his thought that when in that wonderful chapter of 1st Corinthians, he has described Love in its beauty and tenderness as he had realized it through the life of Christ, he sums up its meaning and value in the words: 'Love never faileth.' It is the success, the triumph of Love with which he is concerned-its final victory. The whole meaning of Christ's life is expressed for him in the words: 'He that shall lose his life shall save it.' He is haunted continually with the question: 'Where, O death, is thy sting? Where grave thy victory?' For him, as he thinks of Christ, death is swallowed up in victory. And this victory is not merely a victory for the individual Jesus; it is a victory for humanity. Self-sacrifice is not merely a means of gaining life for the man who sacrifices himself; it is the means of salvation and blessedness and higher life for all who feel its meaning and receive its message.

The whole teaching of Paul consists fundamentally in the thought that men save themselves and save the world through self-sacrifice, that the way of the Cross is the way of salvation for ourselves and for humanity. He felt the paradox of it, but he felt also the supreme truth of it.

Let us think a little more closely of this strange and wonderful sense of the duty of self-sacrifice, which is the clearest sign of man's greatness and of his confidence in God.

To the ordinary, cool, rational mind, what can be more absurd? Given a world without God, a world, such as we see it in prosaic and rationalizing moods, and it would be utterly absurd.

I think that utilitarian philosophers are perfectly right in saying that a great deal of morality would remain much the same. in a world of men and women for whom rational self-love was the final motive for action. There would still be good and sufficient motives for many excellent virtues. Honesty and kindness and good manners. and a certain amount of courage and love for our relations and friends would remain. If we were wise in our self-seeking, we should realize the importance of keeping on good terms with the world. We should see quite clearly that in a world of men and women who need each other and help each other, it is necessary to be considerate and to some extent self-denying. We should recognize that dishonesty and cruelty and selfishness and impurity bring us into disrepute and set up unpleasant antagonisms and interfere with our comfort. We should feel the pleasure of human fellowship and should want to be liked and respected. We should recognize that the fullest advantage cannot be gained from life without co-operation and mutual concessions. should want to gain the praise and friendship of those about us and we should feel if we were wise that these desirable things are best obtained and kept by real goodness and not by pretence goodness. We must not merely pretend to be honest and true; we must be really honest and true if we are to gain all the advantages which arise from the faith and confidence and respect of our friends.

There would be generosity and love and unselfishness and courage in such a world. If the whole of what we mean by religion were destroyed to-morrow; if we no longer believed in God and in the supreme value of goodness and love as eternal and infinite, and the divine claims of duty, there would still remain strong self-regarding reasons for many moral acts. I believe it is untrue and foolish to assert in the supposed interest of religion that all morality depends on a belief in God, and that without a belief in God we should sink to a lower depth than that of savages and barbarians, every one thinking only of himself and indulging his passions to the uttermost. No intelligent, rational being would act in such a way. would recognize, so far as he was guided by intélligence, that such action was suicidal. Reason alone and his own self-interest

would be sufficient motives for a considerable amount of morality. He would know that he could not achieve his own personal happiness and welfare by flouting the wants and wishes of everybody else. A world without God, if intelligence and foresight remained, would be a world in which there would still be a great deal of so-called morality. We should still love each other and help each other. We should still speak the truth and act honourably towards one another under ordinary circumstances. We should exercise the virtues of generosity, and we should be prepared to stand for what the world thinks right up to a certain point. We should value the good opinion and goodwill of others, and should be prepared to go out of our way and to make many sacrifices in order to gain it.

But in such a world, the self-sacrifice of Christ would be an impossibility. The Cross would be as Paul said it was to the Greeks, mere foolishness. In such a world, our own safety, our own self-interest, would be in the last resort, of supreme value. We should stop short of dying for others, of giving ourselves absolutely and completely to an ideal which promised to ourselves no

tangible and evident reward. Short of that, we would do much. We should want to be admired and loved, and would give a great deal to gain such admiration and love. We should feel how much these things add to the pleasures and the profit of life. But when it came to giving everything we should hang back. We should say this is irrational and absurd.

And it is irrational and absurd from the point of view of the man who says the meaning of life is essentially getting all the happiness and all the advantages out of it that I can. To live as long as possible, to obtain as much as possible, to be on the best terms possible with every one, that would be the ideal in a world of intelligent self-interest without God. In such a world, the Cross of Christ is mere foolishness.

I think Paul was entirely right in laying this enormous stress on the Cross of Christ and on his resurrection, on self-sacrifice to the uttermost and on the triumph of such self-sacrifice. It marks the essential distinction between the intelligent, self-regarding man of the world and the followers of Christ. In that course of action, there is implied a fundamental faith in God.

To go out, not knowing whither we go, to leave all those we love, to risk health and life at the call of what we feel to be our duty, and to do this, not carelessly or through love of adventure or desire for glory, but with heartfelt reluctance, realizing how much we are giving up, loving life and feeling its beauty and value to the uttermost. and yet quietly and calmly making the sacrifice—this cannot be justified on any grounds of mere intelligence. Our own self-interest, nay, the interest of those who are nearest and dearest to us, is opposed to it. All we can say about it is, I know in my heart of hearts that this is right. I am called to do it. I must do it. There is the sense of an overmastering Divine will above our own, the feeling of a claim upon us calling on us to give ourselves on behalf of something greater than ourselves, more important than our own happiness or safety or the happiness of those we love and who love us. This is a feeling of a call from God. I am here not to get but to give. The end of life is not getting but giving. In that submission of the self to God, all Christianity is implied. It was the spirit of Christ's life and death. In so doing, we are following in the path which Jesus trod, and we believe that in some way which we do not understand, and which we do not ask to understand, all will be well, whatever happens. 'He that loseth his life shall preserve it.'

You remember Browning's words:-

Was it not great? Did not He throw on God, (He loves the burden)—

God's task to make the heavenly period Perfect the earthen?

That is the spirit of Christ and the spirit of perfect self-sacrifice, fearless, uncomplaining, full of love and faith and joy in giving everything, in doing everything. It cannot possibly come out of rational self-interest. It can only come out of a deep faith and confidence in God. We are here to give, not to get, to obey orders, to yield to the call of a stern but loving voice. 'He that would save his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life shall preserve it.'

Paul felt to the depths of his soul, that is the way of salvation, not only for the individual who thus gives himself but for the world. It is through this Christ-like spirit of self-sacrifice that redemption and salvation

are attained.

We are living in a world to-day where such sacrifices are being offered up by countless multitudes. We are giving up and are prepared to give up our lives and the lives of those we love on behalf of an ideal of peace and freedom for the world. Supreme sacrifices are asked of us and are being made without hesitation or repentance or fear. We can only make them rightly in a great love and confidence towards God. If made in that spirit, they do not mean mere sorrow and loss and failure. They are like the sacrifice of Christ, making for the highest good of those who give and for the salvation of those for whom they are given. There is something in them of divine significance. They point us upwards and onwards. In some strange, unexpected way, we find ourselves through losing ourselves. We are made aware of the eternal values by ignoring our own desires and giving everything for what we feel to be the right. Our hearts are filled with a sense of the reality of love and goodness. In yielding ourselves absolutely to the call, and in submitting our will to a higher will, we feel even in failure and death, the triumph of love. The secret of true life is giving, not getting; it is a free, joyous obedience and self-sacrifice, not counting the cost, but leaving all to God. For those who live and die in such a spirit, there can be no final failure or defeat. In life or death, we are with God, and in losing our life we find it for ourselves and for the world.

IV

IN MEMORY OF OUR DEAD

Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.— John xv. 13.

THERE is a famous funeral speech by the great Athenian statesman, Pericles, spoken to the Athenian people at the end of the first year of the tremendous conflict with Sparta. It is given by the historian Thucydides in the second book of his description of the war. It is perhaps the most famous funeral speech in all literature. It is marked by great strength and beauty, by great self-restraint and reticence and by intense devotion to the city of which he was a chief citizen. The most striking thing in it is his choice of subject. He does not indulge in common forms of consolation. He does not say much about the courage and nobility of the young men who have died, although,

of course, he does not ignore this altogether. He does not say much about his sympathy with those who are mourning for their dead, although, of course, there is genuine sympathy in some of his words. His main theme is the ideal Athens for which these men have died and for which the citizens to whom he speaks must live. He does it without exaggerated claims and without boasting, but with a clear-eyed insight into the worth of Athenian achievements and ideals. His speech is full of a deep love for Athens, a firm faith in her spirit and her aims, a quiet, proud confidence in her value, not only to herself, but to the world. 'We enjoy a form of government which does not copy the laws of our neighbours: but we ourselves are rather a pattern to others than imitators of them. name, from its being administered not for the benefit of the few, but of the many, it is called a democracy. With regard to its laws, all enjoy equality as concerns their private differences, while with regard to public rank, according as each man has a reputation for anything, he is prepared for public honours, not so much from consideration of party as of merit. . . . We throw our city open to all, and never by the expulsion of strangers, exclude any from learning or observing things, by seeing which unconcealed any of our enemies might gain an advantage; for we trust not so much to preparation and stratagem as to our own valour for daring deeds.

'We pursue beauty with simplicity of life and philosophy without effeminacy. We do not regard words as any hindrance to deeds, but rather consider it a hindrance not to have been previously instructed by word before undertaking in deed what we have to do. Those are deservedly deemed most courageous who know most fully what is terrible and what is pleasant, and yet do not on that account shrink from dangers.

'The whole city is a school for Greece and the same individual would amongst us prove himself qualified for the most various kinds of action and with the most graceful versatility. And that this is not mere vaunting language for the occasion, so much as actual truth, the very power of the State which we have won by such habits, affords a proof. For it is the only country at the present time which, when brought to the test, proves superior to its fame, and the only one that neither gives the enemy who has attacked us any cause for indignation at being worsted by such opponents. nor to him who is subject to us, room for finding fault, as not being ruled by men who are worthy of Empire.

'It was for such a country then that these men, nobly resolving not to have it taken from them, fell fighting; and every one of their survivors may well be willing to suffer on its behalf.

'Of illustrious men, the whole earth is their sepulchre. Not only does the inscription upon columns in their own land point it out, but in that also which is not their own, there dwells with every one an unwritten memorial of the heart rather than a material monument.

'Vving, then, with these men in your turn, and deeming happiness to consist in freedom and freedom in valour, do not think lightly of the hazards of war. More grievous to a man of noble spirit is the misery which accompanies cowardice than the unfelt death which comes upon him at once in the time of his strength and of his hope for the common welfare.'

In thus dwelling upon the worth and meaning of Athenian life and ideals, and in appealing to the spirit of true patriotism, Pericles was meeting a deep need and giving the truest consolation. It is not the only thing to be said in a time of appalling sacrifice of life and nearly universal sorrow, but it is one of the most important and inspiring things. We want to feel as Pericles made the Athenians feel that our country is worthy of our sacrifice. We want to share with our sailors and soldiers in a true and noble patriotism.

In 'The Nation' of some weeks ago, there appeared a striking article written by a soldier who had returned to England from the trenches. It is not quite fair to some of us at home, but there are things which are said and done, and there are many people who are living in such a way as to justify his criticisms, not indeed of the whole nation, but of some sections of it.

'When men have taken up arms not as a profession or because forced to do so by law, but under the influence of some emotion or principle, they tend to be ruled by the idea which compelled them to enlist, long after it has yielded among civilians to some more fashionable novelty. Less exposed than the civilian to new intellectual influences, the soldier is apt to retain firmly, or even to deepen, the impressions which made him, often reluctantly, a soldier in the first instance. How often fatigued beyond endurance, or horrified by one's actions, does one not recur to those ideas for consolation and support. It is worth it because-It is awful, but I need not loathe myself, because— We see things which you can only imagine. We are strengthened by reflections which you have abandoned. While you seem-forgive me if I am rudeto have been surrendering your creeds, our foreground may be different but our background is the same. It is that of August to November, 1914. In the letters of the rank and file who have spent a winter in the trenches, you will not find war described as "sport." It is a load that they carry with aching bones, hating it, and not unconscious of its monstrosity, hoping dimly that by shouldering it now, they will save others from it in the future, looking back with even an exaggerated affection to the blessings of peace. They carry their burden with little help from you, for an Army does not live by munitions alone, but also by fellowship in a moral ideal and purpose.'

That is criticism which may hurt some of us with a feeling of injustice. We at home cannot indeed realize all that our loved ones are suffering, but we are not under the absurd delusion that they are finding war a thrilling sport. They do not tell us much of their hardships, and they write with a splendid courage which fills our eves with tears. We are never for a moment in doubt that this struggle is awful in its intensity, and that our soldiers have to bear day after day the utmost of which human nature is capable. But the striking thing in the letter I have quoted is that the writer does not ask for sympathy or gratitude so much as for fellowship in moral ideals and purposes. Pity, love, admiration, concern on our part for his individual safety, these are not the things he wants mainly from those who are at home. 'An Army,' he says, 'does not live by munitions alone,' and he might have added by admiration and sympathy alone, 'but by fellowship in a moral ideal and purpose.'

I seem to see in these words something of the same thought which Pericles expressed in his great speech to the Athenians. In praising Athens, in seeking to give them a worthy love and reverence for Athens, he aimed to bring them into closer fellowship with their dead. Our sailors and soldiers do not ask for our praise; they ask of us that we should care as much for the ideals which claimed them, as they care. Pericles spoke to the Athenians of the justice of their cause, of the achievements of Athens in the past, and of the value of her freedom and intelligence and her ideals for the world. Your young men who have died, he seems to say, do not ask so much your sorrow and your admiration. They want to feel your fellowship in love for the cause and the country on behalf of which they have given their lives. The truest consolation, the best commemoration of the fallen is a deeper and more sacred love in fellowship with others, for the ideals and for the country they have died to save.

There is so often a sense of shame as if we were immodest when we talk in praise of our country, except amongst those who praise England in such exaggerated terms that they seem to leave no room for the virtues of any other nation. Great crimes have been committed in the name of patriotism, but a true patriotism is analogous to a man's love and reverence for his mother. and has nothing in it of malice or ill will towards others. There is no country, I believe, where the truest patriots, whether soldiers or civilians, are so reticent about their love as in England. The truest patriots dislike all blatant boasting, all excessive emotion: they would rather say too little than too much. In the best Englishmen, there is an element of Cordelia's shamefacedness when asked to express her affection to her father-

I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more, nor less.
Good, my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit,
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.

There is a dread of saying too much, a dislike of unbridled asseveration and emotional exaggeration. We are conscious of many imperfections in our country, and we tend sometimes to be rather proud of seeing its faults so clearly. We say and think as

little as possible about that sacred bond of reverence and affection which unites us to our nation. There is a fine sincerity and rough strength in such an attitude, and yet as in the case of Cordelia, I think we ought to feel there is something a little hard and over-critical and scrupulous as well.

Our young sailors and soldiers who have died have given their lives for their country, and for her cause which they and we believe to be the cause of right. They ask of us not so much honour and sorrow and gratitude as a love for their country, a belief in their country equal to their own. They want to feel that there is a patriotism here at home, as true and self-sacrificing as that which inspired themselves.

One of the deepest consolations for those of us who have lost loved ones in this war or whose loved ones as we know are in daily, hourly danger of death, is a firm, sacred, noble love for the country and the cause for which they give their lives.

We may feel with God's help that their lives are not ended when death finds them on the battlefield. We may look forward to meeting them again in that mysterious unknown which now hides them from our

eyes, but no confidence in immortality will make, or ought to make, the disappearance of lives so full of promise and of power other than grievous and painful. It is not right or well that we should believe in another life in such a way that it is a small and unimportant thing when our young men are killed in battle. It is impossible, and it would be undesirable, that there should not be deep sorrow in our hearts. Our truest comfort is to be found in loving with them the country for which they have died, and in feeling with them that they have died for something far greater than themselves.

This land and people of ours are worthy of our utmost sacrifice. It is the home of freedom and of peace. It is a country made illustrious by so many great men and women, the land of Shakespeare and Milton and Cromwell. It is a people who have been full of high adventure and hope, seekers after righteousness, unwilling to bear despotism, demanding liberty of speech and thought and government. It has welcomed the exile and the oppressed, and has cherished ideals of peace and unity and good will, never attained but sought after by its noblest

spirits with high faith and the utmost courage and self-sacrifice. We have often sinned against the light, but we have never ceased to seek for it and to desire it. Our little island people have played a great part in the history and civilization of the world. We have carried the flag of freedom into all portions of the globe. Great colonies, who love us and who feel the value of our national ideals, have grown up in far distant lands, and are with us now, heart and soul in our awful conflict against powers which seek to destroy all that our forefathers and we ourselves have felt to be the great purpose of our national life. We have stood for freedom and for justice. We had no desire for war, no belief in war as a means of aggrandizement and power. We sought for peace and pursued it. We stood alone in our practice of Free Trade desiring the utmost liberty of intercourse among mankind. We believed in mutual knowledge, mutual service, mutual dependence, and the union of the nations in ever closer bonds of fellowship and peace.

Our best men and women realized deeply the faults and failings which were still common in our midst. The ignorance and weakness of the poor, the frequent indifference and hardness of the rich were felt by us as a stain on our civilization. There are many thousands who are striving to the utmost of their power for a fuller justice and liberty amongst our people.

There must be no boasting and vainglory which should hide from us the failings and sins of our nation. It is the ideal that we love in one another and in our country, that which has never been realized fully, but towards which we move. There ought to be in all our hearts an intense and reverent love for that ideal, a glad and thankful recognition of what our country has done and what she is seeking to do, and is capable of doing for the good of humanity.

Reverently and humbly we would thank God to-day for the land which gave us birth, for all that her great men have done and tried to do, for her noble traditions, for her deep pulsating life of thought and faith, for her love of liberty, for her courage and her strength. She has been a true light of freedom among the nations upon earth. Through faith, she 'has subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions,

quenched the powers of fire, from weakness was made strong.'

It is no little inheritance which is ours. There is laid on us a mighty trust. The life and ideals of our country are of vital importance to the world.

As I walk through the empty colleges and gardens of Oxford, the thought of England thrills me with love and reverence. Oxford is mourning for her dead, and yet she has fulfilled herself in sending her sons out to die. I think of the scholars, the poets, the statesmen, the soldiers she has trained. What dreams, what hopes, what noble thoughts and ideals have been nourished under the shadows of her towers! What passionate friendships, what deep communion of fellowship with God and man! Her buildings are full of associations of beauty and peace and romance. She reminds us of the best in English thought and life. She has made for noble freedom and endeavour and knowledge. She is an epitome of what England has meant and means for the world. There is nothing martial in her spirit; not military glory and aggression, not selfish gains and vulgar aims, but knowledge and deep thoughts and

reverence and joy in beauty and human companionship, and delight in manliness and courage and devotion to freedom has been her message to the world.

She did not train her sons for war, but she taught them love for their country, and her students and tutors have left her and gone out to suffer and to die. How often in the trenches or at sea the memory of her beauty and her grace, the faces on her walls, the spirit of her life must fill men's hearts with reverence and strength and love!

We think of our dead to-day with deep sorrow and gratitude and admiration; we shall remember them always, and how they fought and died, and how readily they gave themselves for their country, for her freedom and her peace. If we are to be worthy of them, we must love our country with the same self-sacrificing devotion with which they loved her, not boastfully, not despising other nations, with no desire for pre-eminent power but with a deep desire to make our country more worthy of such sacrifices and with a great faith in our nation's life and ideals. It is a great and sacred task to which we are called, we who are mourning for our dead, we whose hearts are full of sympathy and anxiety for the dangers and sufferings of those we love. We must be one with them in their love, their loyalty, their faith in their country, and her cause, their recognition that she asks everything of them and of us in this, her time of need.

Our dead have not died in vain. 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.' They have died for great ideals, believing in them, giving all for them, desiring their fulfilment in days to come. They have left their fulfilment to us and to the generations yet unborn. Apart from us, these ideals cannot be made perfect. In the midst of our sorrow, we would try to emulate their love. They have left with us a sacred trust.

Farewell, you young soldiers who have died for us! May God help us to fulfil your hopes and dreams, may he help us to strive and suffer and endure with the same courage and love which were in you, that we may meet you without shame in that unknown world where you are living now.

WAR AND BEAUTY THE IRONY OF SPRING

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.—Phillipians iv. 8.

SAINT PAUL wrote these words from his prison at Rome surrounded by the vice and frivolity of a great city. He did not write them from a country cottage surrounded with the beauty of the spring, and by the affection of many friends.

The value and significance of words like these depend much upon the character and circumstances of the man by whom they were written, and on the situation which gave them birth.

The best and most inspiring words are

dramatic. They are not mere good sense or wise thought or true principles of conduct, which might have been spoken by anybody at any time. They owe much to the situation in which they were spoken and

to the man who spoke them.

One of Browning's well-known poems is called 'Any Wife to any Husband.' If it were really that, we should be much less moved by it than we are. The things that any dying wife can say to any husband are likely to be commonplace. But Browning could not help writing dramatically even when apparently he sets out to do the opposite. He describes to us a particular wife and a particular husband; we see individual characterization in both of them. and the words of the wife become far more poignant and revealing because they are dramatically true. A merely impersonal soul in colourless calm cannot help us so much, however high its vision, as a living personality speaking out of a heart of love and sorrow, of sympathy or conflict. Words. gain new power and meaning for us through the man who speaks them and the special occasions on which they are spoken.

There are some moral truths and many

scientific truths which are not at all dramatic. You cannot describe the Ten Commandments written on the wall of a school or of a chapel as dramatic. The actual story in Exodus of their delivery to Moses, on the mountain in the wilderness, is intensely dramatic. They were given at a particular place and time under circumstances of doubt and danger, when suffering and fear seemed to have destroyed the foundations of morality. They were given to a man who felt the tremendous responsibility for leadership and who longed to save his people not only from their enemies, but from their inward dissensions and their craven fears. The story is dramatic when we remember that Moses went up to the mountain seeking guidance and strength from God, in order that he might give courage and faith to his people and might lead them to safety and victory.

God gave him no detailed instructions as to how he and his nation were to reach the promised land. He merely gave him the Ten Commandments graven on two tables of stone. He insists that religion and morality, faith in God and obedience to the moral law is the way of life. As we remember the circumstances under which that great code was supposed to be delivered to Israel, by Moses from God, we feel that it is essentially dramatic. It appeals to the heroic in us; it gives us a sense of calm strength amid the storms and dangers of life. It is light out of the thick darkness of fear and doubt.

But the mere command 'Thou shalt not kill. Thou shalt not steal,' is not dramatic at all. These are important universal truths, they are abstract summaries of conduct. but we do not feel any personal appeal in them. They do not impress the heart and conscience in the same way as the words which come from a living man under particular circumstances. They are not much more stimulating than the statement that two and two make four and they are less absolutely true. The law 'Thou shalt not kill 'may be at certain times and in certain circumstances laid aside under the compulsion of what most people would feel to be a higher law, which bids them defend their country and freedom against a foreign foe.

The Bible is full of dramatic truths as well as of scientific morality. The power of its

appeal depends largely on the man who speaks, and the circumstances under which the words are uttered. This is especially the case in the New Testament. It is because Iesus was Iesus that his Parables and sayings mean so much to us. If we simply had the Sermon on the Mount and his Parables, without any knowledge whatever of his life, we should, of course, say that they were very beautiful and very true, but their appeal to us would be far less searching and less deep. It is when we see him in relation with Pharisees and publicans. when we see him among the villagers of Galilee and among little children, when we see him among scribes and lawyers in Ierusalem, when we remember his wanderings, his insecurity, his boundless love, and when we realize that all this led him to the Cross—it is then that we feel most deeply the dramatic truth and beauty of his words. They gain new meaning for us through the character and circumstances of him who spoke them.

We feel this continually in our own ordinary experience. A bad man may utter the most excellent moral sentiments and may believe them, and yet his words leave us cold or even irritated. Nay, the speaker may be a worthy person and yet if we do not care for him or if he does not say anything out of his own heart, we shall feel he is uttering moral or religious platitudes. A very imperfect man who reveals through speech his doubts and hopes, his failures and defeats, his remorse and his resolves, will often help us more than a man who speaks to us wisely of the conduct of life without showing us anything of his own soul. The strength of an appeal lies less in the mere abstract truth of the words than in the character of the speaker and the circumstances under which it is spoken. The dramatic element in it, its relation and meaning for a particular life, is of great importance. The speaker need not tell us much about himself but he must reveal himself, he must speak to us as an individual out of a heart which has known sorrow and joy and love and conflict and pain. must be a part of his life that he is giving us, and then the old well-known truths gain hands and feet and breath and force. He makes the dry bones live. Truth becomes alive for us when we feel it is alive for him.

Paul, as I have said, did not write the words of our text from a country cottage, in the midst of beauty and peace, withdrawn from the sorrows and dangers of the world. If he had done this we should feel far less truth and value in his words.

The type of person who can withdraw himself into seclusion and dwell entirely on goodness and beauty and love, the man who can forget all the dangers of his friends and his country and all the evil in the world, the man who can lie down in the shade of a cherry tree in blossom and forget everything except the beauty of the earth and the joy of life, is not a man whose mood to-day we can envy or admire. We do not want to forget, we should be ashamed to forget all the pain and sadness of the world. We do not want to think or talk of humanity as if no sin or cruelty were at work amongst us. We are rightly impatient and irritated at mere rose-coloured views of life. people who are so benevolent that they will not see stern facts, the people who hide themselves from anything unpleasant, and who try to persuade us and themselves that the worst in human nature is a wellintentioned folly, seem to us cowardly or

blind. We will not have any peace which is founded on forgetfulness or ignorance of the hard, stern, terrible facts of life. There is a real conflict being waged between right and wrong; there is real cruelty and evil at work in the world inflicting real suffering on men.

There is a real danger of the loss of things which are of enormous value, not only for ourselves, but for the world. To immerse ourselves in the thought of beauty and love and goodness at such times, as though there were nothing else, would be to close our eyes to facts. It would be failure not only in intellectual but in moral honesty.

But we know very well that these words of Paul's were not written under such circumstances of safety and comfort and forgetfulness of wrong. We are able to feel these truths most deeply when we think of them dramatically. They are the words of a man in bonds, a man in danger, a man in daily contact with harshness and cruelty, a man oppressed by the strong, and awaiting sentence of death. How these words would appeal to us if they came to us, as they might do, from some prisoner

of war in Germany. We should realize then their splendid courage and their noble faith. That a man should feel them in loneliness and captivity under the daily stress of harsh rules and painful limitations would fill us with admiration and reverence.

We do not want to forget all the misery of the world and the suffering of the innocent and the wrongdoing of those who have brought such sorrow and pain upon the world, but we must not forget that there is something else as well.

It was to sorely tried men, liable to discouragement and gloom, inclined to dwell entirely on the dark side of life and to ignore its beauty and its love that Paul, himself sorely tried and tempted to discouragement and gloom, wrote the words of my text.

I think we can feel what Paul means in the present glory of the spring-time beauty. We cannot rest in it, we cannot simply enjoy and look and revel in the surpassing beauty of form and colour which is revealed to us on every side. But on the other hand, it would be mere ungratefulness and stupidity to ignore it all, or to be angry with ourselves if for a moment we feel the beauty and the glory. We must not say as the man with a demon said to Jesus: 'What have I to do with thee?' There is a mood which we all know, when we feel as if the beauty of the world were almost a mockery. As we think of our soldiers in the trenches and our sailors on the sea, and of their constant danger, as we call up in imagination the hideous sound of bursting shells and the maimed bodies and the wounds and death which are so rife, we are inclined to be angry with the beauty of the world. We want a world black and hideous, mourning for its dead and for its sin. Let us have stunted trees and withered grass and 'Let no birds sing.' Let the moon and the sun be turned into blood on this terrible day. Let darkness and storm be the accompaniment of such disastrous happenings. The picture of events is awful beyond words. Let us have a frame to suit the picture, an ugly, hateful frame, not this canopy of blue, this glorious sunshine, not the silver shining of the sun upon the waters, not the dancing leaves and the buttercups and daisies at our feet. This beauty, we are inclined to say in such a mood, is a mockery.

And yet, I think, to all of us in our higher, deeper moments that is not a true account

of our experience. The beauty of the world is not the frame of the picture; it is part

of the picture.

If a great artist were painting a picture of the Crucifixion or of the martyrdom of early Christians in the Coliseum, he would not heighten the tragedy by painting a black and dismal background. The Crucifixion ought to be painted against a blue and lovely sky and with innocent flowers growing round the foot of the Cross. That would not be mockery; it would not be a mere relief from the horror. It would be a symbol and promise of something else besides the horror, a sign of love, a low sweet melody breaking through the jarring noise of pain. It would be irony, not satire. In satire you have merely condemnation. In irony there is always the suggestion of something great and beautiful which shames wrong and which is mightier than wrong.

The great artists who have painted the Crucifixion or any martyrdom of man, whether they employ nature in this way or not, always give that impression through the figure of Christ or of the suffering martyrs. It is never mere outrage or horror unrelieved. They always make us

think with Paul of the things that are lovely and honourable and pure and true. There is a sense of beauty and of peace in the figure of Christ; there is a suggestion of something deeper and more permanent than pain and failure and grief. There is a feeling of underlying love and divine glory.

That is the power of genius, we say, to see and make us see beneath the discords and the pain of life, the eternal beauty and the supremacy of God. It is the power of all true religion in the humblest and the simplest lives.

We do not turn to the things that are lovely and of good report and true in order to forget altogether the pain and evil in the world, but we find beneath and above the pain an eternal peace and joy.

I think many of us will recognize that the spring has never had so thrilling, so wonderful a beauty as it has had for us this year. The contrast between its beauty and our memories of loss and our anxiety and the ever-deepening realization of what war means is stronger than ever before. But it is not a contrast that mocks us as though the devil were trying to make evil more real and terrible and painful by adorn-

ing the outside of things. It is not the artistry and decoration of hell. This beauty that we feel is not outside, it belongs to the very substance of reality. It is a revelation of God's love.

So, too, the scenes that we picture to ourselves in France, and the scenes with which some of us are familiar, in the hospitals at home, scenes of death, of suffering, of blighted lives, are not the whole story. Deeper and more real are the heroism, the unselfishness, the beautiful patience, the nobility of soul which are common as way-side flowers among our soldiers. A tragic, splendid grandeur, terrible and beautiful, with a beauty deeper and more real than the terror, environs us.

If we would have strong, true visions of life and death, we must think of these things. The pain and the sorrow will pass away. These things abide. They can never pass away. They reveal the character of man, the meaning of his life. They speak to us of God. They do not teach us to forget the worst, or to live in untroubled peace, but they point us upwards to the shining realities, to the eternal love and goodness which nothing can destroy.

VI

THE ALCHEMY OF MEMORY

This is my body which is broken for you; this do in remembrance of me.—Luke xxii. 19.

THESE words are of far wider application than the Christian Church in confining them to the Communion Service has taken them to mean. To remember Jesus, is not necessarily to take part in that service. It meant much in the life of the Christian Church and it means much to many of us still. It is a great symbol of communion and fellowship, but it is not the only way of remembering Jesus. The very simplicity of the words and of the acts of breaking bread and drinking wine together, suggest that they are concerned with common daily life. Great and moving memories are for every day when we are engaged in our ordinary work, in the gatherings of families and friends, and in our lonely times of thought

and prayer. They are not to be confined to special sacred moments. They are the companions and inspirers of our daily life.

On this last day of the old year, I want to speak of the meaning and value of memory; what a power it is and ought to be in our lives; what a revelation of God! Let us try to understand what memory means, this divine power of realizing the past, and seeing in it a certain peace and beauty and significance which belong to the

things which have gone.

There is a certain melancholy tendency in many minds to deplore the fact that we do not value happiness and goodness so truly while they are with us as when they have been taken from us. It is foolish and morbid to be unhappy or complain on that account. There is no reason for making ourselves miserable because our memories are beautiful. It is part of the essential nature of memory that it makes true things truer, great things greater, noble things nobler, lovely things more lovely, and that it makes really unimportant things seem so small. It is true of memory that it often makes the last first, and the first last. What seems to be of enormous value at the moment, dwindles into insignificance, while little words and acts which were hardly noticed at the time, are felt by us as we remember them, to be great and wonderful.

We cannot possibly feel all the meaning, all the worth of life and love at once. Let us thank God as we look back on them that we see more in them than we did at first, not less.

We want, of course, to be able to rejoice in the goodness and sympathy of our friends while they are with us and to let them know we love them. It is well to be able to say to ourselves sometimes: 'How blessed I am in my triends, what happiness there is at the heart of my life.' It is well to appreciate the things that we have, and to thank God humbly for the great gifts he bestows upon us, so far beyond our deserving and our capacity to understand. There is nothing which gives us greater pain when a friend is taken from us than to remember our unkindness and mistrust. It is indeed right and well to feel the wonder and riches of this life of ours as it passes to the uttermost; to rejoice in our friends and to remember their goodness. But however deep our sense of the love and beauty in the present life may be, we cannot see all its love and beauty at once. For loving hearts and noble minds, it is not true that we value nothing until we lose it. But it is true that we value it more when we lose it. Memory gives it added worth and meaning. Would anyone wish that the reverse were true, and that when happiness and love were taken from us we should feel that after all, they were much less important and precious than we imagined? That is indeed a blind and melancholy man who first of all fails to recognize the goodness of his friends when they are with him, and then finds new cause for unhappiness in dwelling on his failures when they are taken from him. If we were blind once, let us be thankful that now we see, and let us learn to find more in the living through the new and higher vision of the dead.

Of course, the best things seem better in memory and the lovely things more lovely and the right things more right. That simply means that there is infinite significance in the best and highest things. We ought to rejoice in them and cherish them and revere them while they are with us in our actual daily experience, but we cannot possibly see all there is in them, just because they are infinite. The joy of them, the glory of them, depend upon their not being little fixed final facts, but living mysteries, spiritual realities, meaning far more than we can understand. To remember them is to see more in them, to feel a haunting, almost unbearable beauty in them, which was partly hidden from our eyes when they were present with us.

There is no reason to deplore this divine alchemy of memory. It gives us new knowledge, new cause for thankfulness, and deeper understanding of life and death. The past looks better than the present, not because it is better but because, strangely

enough, we know it better.

There are some people who are inclined to suspect memory as a pleasant illusion. They talk about the deception and idealization of memory as if it were a misleading thing. I believe that anyone who really knows what memory means will repudiate that suggestion as utterly false. We are not making up a story, we are not inventing, we are not seeing through rose-coloured glasses when we see new beauty and goodness revealed to us through memory. 'The

tender grace of a day that is dead' was there all the time, it is not something unreal and added on. When we feel it we are seeing the truth more clearly than we did. That is the form in which memory comes to us; it gives us a deep impression of further truth and beauty.

We all know how a scent or sound or old letter will bring back to us some memory of childhood, some little incident, some face we loved, some simple happiness, some gentle tender care. It is more beautiful, more divine, more full of meaning to us now than it was then. That is not a perversion of reality. It is a fuller insight into reality. It means awakening to the fact of a deeper, more far-reaching meaning in these little things. It makes us understand them better, and gives us more joy and thankfulness and confidence in life and death.

A day of remembrance is not a day for melancholy and tearful sentiment. It is a day to thank God and take courage. 'Some people always sigh in thanking God,' says Mrs. Browning. Some people always sigh as they remember the past. We are not remembering truly and bravely if we think only with regret of what

is gone. It has pain in it, but the beauty is greater than the pain. It has sorrow in it, but the love is greater than the sorrow.

That well-known line, 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' as usually interpreted is false, bad sentiment. It is usually interpreted to mean that the deepest and worst of sorrows is remembering happier things. It suggests that we should be happier when we are miserable if we had no happier past to remember. That would be true in one conceivable place and in one place only. It would be true in hell, in a place where man was wholly abandoned by God. To look back on past joy and love from lasting pain and loneliness and punishment, with no gleam of hope, no possible expectation of recovering that happiness and love, would be an enhancement of the present suffering. It is the suffering which Milton describes Satan feeling when by his own act he fell from heaven:

> For now the thought Both of lost happiness and lasting pain Torments him.

There is no such place of torture. There is no place where we are abandoned irre-

trievably by God, and where our memories of radiant happiness and love have no promise in them but only fill us with a deep despair as of something lost for ever.

We come nearest to that piercing pain of memory when we have been unfaithful to a trust, when, 'like the base Indian, we have thrown a pearl away, richer than all his tribe,' when we have ignored the good and disappointed those who believe in us and love us, when we have turned light into darkness and good into evil. It is not sorrow but sin which turns memories of peace and happiness and love into the worst of pain. But even then we are not abandoned by God. Our memories hurt us, but they inspire us too. They recall us to our better selves. They make us realize that there is more in us than our present baseness. They speak to us of hope and They point us upwards and onrecovery. wards. They whisper

You always may be what you might have been.

Those ideals thwarted by passion are still ours and may still be realized. The love which we have known, the capacities for joy and goodness which have never been fulfilled, in some way they still belong to us; they are still ours. We are not hopelessly beaten. We have not failed for ever. The best we have known is only a dim foreshadowing of the best that shall be. Some day we shall be the perfect lovers and friends which it is in our hearts to be. Some day we shall be what we might have been. We have realized so little, we have done so little, we have failed so often and so grievously, we have been hindered and frustrated in so many ways and have found so little in life of all we might have found. But the end is not yet. There is infinite promise and hope in the future. We can be, we must be, better than we are. Our memories are prophecies; they are not mere records of a dead and finished past.

The true meaning of that line: 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' is felt in the word 'crown.' It is not 'a sorrow's crown of sorrow.' It is sorrow triumphant, not sorrow in despair. Sorrow at its deepest and its best, sorrow crowned, is filled with the memory of happier things and is able to rejoice in them and to thank God for them. Memory does not fill us

with despair, it gives a deeper holier meaning to the past and irradiates the future with hope. It makes life more sacred, more wonderful, more infinite in its outlook. It is not a cause for melancholy brooding but a source of joy and gratitude and courage. To remember rightly is to feel the triumph of love, not its failure and defeat.

That is what we ought to feel, what we do feel when we remember truly Christ and Christ-like men and women, and the Christ-like little tender things of days gone by—a sense of triumph and gratitude and joy deeper than any sorrow or pain or loss.

To remember Christ is not simply to recall events in his life and death and make a catalogue of them, it is not merely to be able to describe his words and acts as a student might do in an examination room. It is to feel his life and his love; it is to enter into his spirit, to realize a little what he has meant for the world and to feel him as part of ourselves. To see him with such memories is to see him more truly as he is, to feel the eternal and divine love of God in him. We do not idealize and alter him; we gain a truer insight into the courage and inspiration of his life.

The same is true in looking back on any good and noble life. We see them more truly as they are. We feel in them a constant power and inspiration, and recognize in them a revelation of the divine. In all our common life of work and thought and fellow-service we hear them saying to us, 'This do in remembrance of me.'

At the close of another year, we want to thank God and take courage. It has been a year of many bitter sorrows, a year of many disappointments and much weariness and pain. It has been a year full of splendid deeds and noble sacrifice. It has been a year of ceaseless anxiety and great emotions. But this is mere description; it is not true memory. We want to feel these things in a higher, deeper way. There is something beautiful and inspiring in all that we have suffered. It has revealed the power of love to us, it has revealed the reality of goodness to us, it has revealed the underlying love of God which is at the heart of life and death. In the strength of our memories, we need not be afraid of the future. We shall have strength given us to bear whatever may be sent. God has been with us in the past. Its beauty and grace reveal to us His presence there. He will be with us through all the days to come. There is something in the past which cannot die, which is ours for ever. What was, is now, and will be hereafter in greater perfection and more full reality. We would say farewell to another year with triumphant joy and gratitude. May God help us to live with nobler effort and to love and help each other more throughout the days to come, and to work and strive and suffer in reverent and constant remembrance of the great and good.

There shall never be one lost good!
What was, shall live as before.
What was good, shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

VII

THE WAY OF LIFE

And whither I go, ye know the way. Thomas saith unto him, Lord, we know not whither thou goest; how know we the way? Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life.—John xiv. 4-6.

THAT remark was very characteristic of Thomas. 'We know not where you are going. How can we find the way unless we know?' It is the same type of mind which is seen in the other well-known words of Thomas: 'Except I shall see in his hands the print of the nails, and put my fingers in the print of the nails and put my hand into his side, I will not believe.' That is thoroughly good, prosaic common sense. Thomas under the particular circumstances, was entirely right. He was told that Jesus had appeared to some of the disciples in the same body in which he

had been crucified. He naturally desired to see that body and to examine it. He was not content with the report of others. The marvellous story he was asked to accept demanded for full conviction, the evidence of hands and eyes. There was nothing wrong in his being unconvinced when so

great a miracle was related to him.

When Iesus says: 'Blessed are those that have not seen and yet have believed,' it does not seem natural to think he is exalting belief on the authority of some one else over belief on the authority of our own personal convictions. It would be out of harmony with the whole character of Jesus in John's Gospel to interpret these words as meaning that accepting a belief from others was as good as having a belief of our own. These words, mean, I believe, that the great truths of the spirit are not matters which can be scientifically proved. They mean that touch and hearing and sight and all kinds of so-called scientific evidence are not the way in which the deepest things of life and death can be discovered. It is the vision of love, the vision of joy and sorrow which does not ask to see the woundprints or to hear a voice, but looks up in reverent faith—it is this which gives us fullest truth and deepest certainty.

There is the same prosaic attitude of mind in the question of Thomas in our text. 'Lord, we know not whither thou goest. How know we the way?' That is quite a legitimate demand in practical affairs. To seek a fixed end is the necessary means of attaining success. To know exactly what you want is an important preliminary to obtaining it. The man who fixes his mind on an end that he desires. whether wealth or knowledge or power, or some special object for which he longs, and who gives all his time and thought and energy to getting it, is likely to succeed. His end may be a very unsatisfying one, but if he bends his whole life to the purpose, there is a great probability that he will achieve it. Many a man is stupid enough to want what he is clever enough to get. Cleverness in obtaining stupid ends which are not worth the trouble is a common experience of life. Practical people in the ordinary business of the world are concerned with definite fixed ends. They naturally ask with Thomas, how can we find the way until we see quite clearly what we want?

But the end of life—that is what Jesus was talking of and it was this which he refused to define. You have spoken to us of the end of life; tell me what you are seeking for, where you are going and then I shall be able to make my plans for its attainment. That is what Thomas's question suggests.

Jesus does not answer, I am going to heaven and then proceed to lay down the conditions for arriving there. Still less does he say, the end of life is death. It certainly is not that. He does not define the end of life at all. We may understand what he thought of the end of life from what he said in another place. 'I came that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.' The end of life is not something fixed and final and complete. something that can be grasped and held and contemplated as a definite reward. The end of life is more life: the end of love is more love; the end of knowledge is more knowledge. It is not a place or a state of bliss but a movement, a growth, a progress towards infinity. When Jesus says: 'I am the way, the truth, and the life,' he is not describing the end; he is speaking of the

spirit of life and love and self-sacrifice which leads us upwards and onwards to the unknown goal. We do not know the end. We do not know what we shall be; we cannot see beforehand what we are capable of becoming, or what effect sorrow and joy and the sacrifices claimed by duty, will have upon us. We cannot forecast with what we must serve the Lord until we come thither. We cannot arrange our life beforehand. We cannot say about anything we do or suffer; this must lead to that. We do not know where any duty, any sorrow will lead us.

The end is infinite and wonderful and great beyond not only words but imagination. But we know the spirit which leads us upwards and onwards ever more and more into that fuller more glorious life. It is true of all the great endeavours of life that the achievement cannot be envisaged beforehand. It is true in all great art. The great artist creates as he works under the guidance of an organizing influence which he does not understand. He builds better than he knows. I do not believe that Shakespeare, when he began to write Hamlet, knew just what the story was going to be.

He had suffered misery through the treachery of some one whom he had loved and trusted. He had felt the inadequacy of mere thought to give him peace and to resolve the troubles in his mind. He had hated himself for his inaction and his powers of subtle criticism which led to nothing. He found a story which had a strange attraction for him and which seemed capable of being wrought into an expression of his inmost self. But he did not foresee what he was going to do. As he wrote and lived in it. something different from anything he had schemed beforehand grew out of his work. It was not all prepared and foreseen. It was a continuous creation. No one I can imagine was more surprised than Shakespeare when he looked at it in its finished state. He had done perhaps in some ways less than he intended, but in other ways, far more. He did not see the end from the beginning. He felt and longed and thought, and something half unknown within him moulded it all into Hamlet. That. I believe. is true always of the work of the great artist in poetry, music and painting.

Thoughts beyond their thoughts to those high bards were given.

They could not tell Thomas where they were going. They could not define the end. They can only tell us of the way. They can tell us of the need for observation, thought and imagination. They can say: 'Look in your heart and write,' which was the advice Sir Philip Sidney gave to poets.

It is out of the heart of love and suffering and sympathy and joy in beauty and reverence for truth that great works of art are created. They are created by men who know not whither they are going but who are obedient to the heavenly vision, the vision of beauty and of love. They have a high sense of courage and hope. They greet the unknown with a cheer. Thev have a sense of haunting beauty in the midst of their sorrow and pain, and in the bewildering darkness and doubts and danger which surround them. They feel dimly something great and infinite to be attained. They work and strive and love to the uttermost and they leave the end to God.

That is the spirit of the men who are dying for us. They are the true artists making something greater than they know out of their life; not the Field-Marshal with his plan of campaign. He has a scheme,

a plan, an end definitely formulated, but they have none. As a General, he is greater than they, but as men, they are greater than he. They are not thinking of reward: they are not thinking of heaven. They are not thinking of a scheme. They go out not knowing whither they go. Darkness and confusion and death are about them. They have no plan; they do not understand what is happening; life hangs by a thread. But they are living with intensity. They are helping one another, trusting one another, dying for one another. They go out in hope of victory, but there is no certainty for them whether it will be victory or death. They are making for something, they are doing something which they do not understand. That is the spirit of true life and all great achievements. It means fruition and triumph, whether through victory or death.

In this New Year, we want to look out on life in that spirit, the spirit of love and joy and faith which was in Jesus. The future is dark and lowering, although it is lit up by gleams of promise We cannot forecast what will happen to us or to those we love or to our country. The end is unknown to us whether in life or death. We cannot make any plans for attaining that end, but we can live and love and work with all our heart and strength. That is what is required of us. The rest is in the hands of God. Let there be no melancholy forebodings, no overwhelming fears. We are, every one of us, called for something great and wonderful, higher than we can imagine, deeper than we can know. The unknown future may contain in it much sorrow and pain. It will ask of us great sacrifices and patience and faithfulness. It may lay on us many heavy burdens, but at the heart of it, there is beauty and joy and love. It is a promise always of greater things to be. Our path is always upwards if we love and work, if we are faithful in little things, if we hold God's hand in the darkness and let Him lead us where He will.

When we look back on our past and realize what God has done for us through pain and sorrow and trial, we need not fear the future. There has been grief and suffering beyond words and yet we have been supported and strengthened through it all. A strength not our own has been with us. We have found deeper love through sorrow,

we have found in suffering something more than suffering—something divine. When we imagine these things, we are frightened at them. They seem to fill us with despair. An imagined hell is worse than a real hell. In our imagined hell, we can leave God out: in the real hell, God is still there. When the things we fear actually happen to us, they are more real, more terrible and searching, but they are not so absolutely intolerable as they were when we only imagined them. When we imagine them, we think of them apart from God. When we feel them in their reality, we find love within and above them. There is something great in sorrow, something which reveals God. We say to those in sorrow, your love is worth your sorrow. Would you have chosen to love less in order that your sorrow might be less? We know that we could not choose this! We would rather love more and more at any price of sorrow. Love is worth while—infinitely worth while whatever cost it has to pay in sorrow. Love speaks to us of a future which we do not understand. It bids us take courage and hope and press forward with firm faith in good.

That is the spirit in which to face the coming year. All our deepest experiences of past trials confirm our faith that God helps us in our sorest need and that he reveals to us through them the power of friendship and of sympathy and of fellow-service. There is ever higher happiness and development and knowledge and capacity and fruition in front. There is deepening friendship, more joy in one another and in life, more power, more goodness, waiting us in coming days.

There is so much to do, so much to learn, so much to be, so much to love, whether on earth or in heaven. 'Thou art thy future, not thy past,' says George Meredith. It is where we are going, what we are made for, not where we have come from, which

is the measure of our life.

The ideal in one another—that is what we love—the latent, half-unconscious dim yearnings for higher things, the power to be and to do what we have never done and what on earth we shall never be or do. It is the sense of infinity in one another which calls out our love and reverence, capacities never used, power never realized, love never finding its goal. It is the vague, wonderful

longing for something great and unknown of which Shelley writes:—

The desire of the moth for the star, Of the night for the morrow, For something afar from the sphere of our sorrow.

It is a long, long way we have to tread, often over stony ground with bleeding feet, but for those who love and trust and fight on, the path is always upwards. The end is not yet. We do not know the end, but the way is clear even through darkness and through storm. It is the way of courage and love and self-sacrifice. It is the way of Christ, the way of peace. 'Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest.'

VIII

THE MYSTERY OF LIFE AND DEATH

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!—Romans xi. 33.

THIS is not an ecstasy of thankfulness consequent on thinking about the harmonies and happiness of life. It is not

That serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,

of which Wordsworth speaks. It is a sense of mystery and of God's greatness which came to Paul as a result of pondering on confusions and difficulties which his intellect was unable to explain. He had been describing how the Jews who were God's chosen people fell away and were disobedient to the heavenly vision and were rejected by God. He related how the Gentiles who had received no revelation of this intimate

kind were now being chosen by God to receive the Gospel. The Jewish Law had only been intended as an introduction and preliminary. The chosen race which clung to it were now in a worse position than the Gentiles who had never heard of it. The relation of God to Jews and Gentiles was reversed. It was not altogether the fault of the Jews nor was it certainly due to the virtues of the Gentiles that this change had taken place. Paul seems to recognize that he can give no full and satisfactory explanation of God's dealings with men. His thinking brings him up against a fundamental mystery. When he ends his argument with the exclamation: 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God,' these words do not flow forth from the conviction that he understands God's dealings with men and nations. They rather come from his sense that he does not understand, and that there is something which passes comprehension in the events with which he is concerned.

It is at first sight a strange cause for thankfulness and reverence that God's ways are a mystery, and yet there is both thankfulness and reverence in his words. It is not a mere prostration of the intellect in the presence of apparent contradictions. It is not the position of a man who says: 'I find my thoughts hopelessly confused, I can explain nothing: the world looks evil and wrong but I will ignore the facts and trust in God.' It is not the temper of mental suicide but of spiritual resurrection.

We find the same attitude of mind in various passages of the Old Testament. You remember Job's words, 'Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than the grave; what canst thou know?' and again, the 139th Psalm: 'Such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it,' and we remember the words of the prophet Isaiah: 'For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are my ways your ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.' Old Sir Thomas Browne in his Religio Medici, expresses in his quaint fashion the same thought. 'I love to lose myself in a mystery; to pursue my reason to an "O Altitudo." Such utterances are an expression of trust and wonder and joy in the presence of something which we cannot understand. It is the glad and reverent recognition of an ultimate mystery in life and death.

No doubt, such an attitude of mind may easily pass into contempt for the intellect, but we fail to see the essential quality of such reverence if we regard it as faith in despair of reason, or superstition based on careless and confused thinking.

If I am asked to accept the doctrine of the Trinity merely or mainly because I do not understand it, I feel that the request is unreasonable. Mere unintelligibility is not and cannot be a proof of the truth of anything. To think, to reason, to understand to the utmost limits of human capacity is not merely permitted but required of us by God. I am not to be convinced of the truth of anything by the mere assertion that it is a mystery. But on the other hand, it is no final disproof of the Trinity to say I do not understand it. There is a mystery beyond our comprehension in the nature and working of God, whether we think of him as One or Three. It is not because the

Trinity is a mystery that I disbelieve in it. but rather because it seems to me a confusing and self-contradictory and vain attempt to solve a mystery. The Unity of God is a far greater mystery than the doctrine of the Trinity.

All true strong thinking leads us into the presence of ultimate mystery, into a sense of wonder and reverence, into a feeling of our own littleness and the greatness and splendour of reality. What is this sense of mystery which is at the heart of all religion? Mystics are found not only in Christianity but in all the higher forms of religion. They are men and women who are conscious of an ineffable, incomprehensible splendour. They use words about God which are above reason, such words as infinite, eternal, all-powerful, all-knowing, and all-good. They have the feeling of something in life and death above their understanding: not merely something which they do not understand but something which is above their understanding. The sense of mystery is not a mere feeling of ignorance; it is the deep passionate confidence that this which we cannot understand, conceals within it beauty and

goodness and love, above our highest thoughts. You cannot have a sense of mystery about something which you feel might turn out when understood to be commonplace or unimportant.

Death may be a hard fact to some, meaning just what it seems to be, annihilation. It may be a problem to others. When it is felt as a mystery we are perfectly confident that although we cannot understand it, there is something beautiful and divine concealed behind.

Mystics are not marked by lack of intelligence or carelessness of thought, nor are they people in whom there is little capacity for practical affairs. Some of the greatest mystics have been remarkable for their clear strong thinking and for their power

to manage men.

Dante, who held for a time high position in the civic life of Florence, was a mystic. No one can read the Paradiso and not feel that for him God was infinitely incomprehensible and supremely wonderful. Cromwell was a mystic. Gladstone was a mystic. Florence Nightingale, one of the greatest organizers and most forceful and practical administrators of her time, was a mystic.

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A sense of mystery is not the result of muddled thinking but of the most determined, far-reaching efforts to understand. It is not the result of inactive reverie and dreaming about goodness, but of the most strenuous efforts to overcome evil and to achieve good. The man to whom life is perfectly clear and who thinks he can explain everything is also the man who thinks little, not the man who thinks much. The man to whom human excellence appears a quite simple commonplace thing is the man who has never set himself to the great infinite task of being perfect as his Father in heaven is perfect. The man who thinks human beings quite easy to understand, and who explains them all by a theory of selfishness or instinct is a man who has not begun to understand human nature. The man who thinks of death, as just death, as cessation of life, quite simple, revealing nothing, meaning nothing, is a man who has never loved.

I do not say that all who love must believe in immortality, although I believe that the purest and deepest love is most confident of it, but I do mean that love rebels most strongly against the idea that death is only death and is completely understood. Love speaks to us of a beyond, of a mystery, of a hidden glory. It sees glimpses of something greater and higher than the outward things.

In all true friendship there is an element of mystery; we are conscious of something behind and above which is greater than the outward words and actions of our friend. All true lovers are mystics. They are aware of something hidden, something wonderful, something which passes understanding in the man or woman whom they love. Our friend is not merely a body which talks and acts. He is a soul which we do not understand and which does not understand itself.

Every true mother feels that sense of mystery in her little child. She is filled like Mary with a sense of wonder and joy and reverence as she looks at her child. He is her own, yet not her own, so dependent on her love and care and yet so far beyond her too. There is something that eludes her, a hidden mystery and glory in her child. She feels what F. W. H. Myers in his poem of John the Baptist says of the mother of Jesus:—

Ah! Mary; for thou also, thou as I, With eager tremulous humilities, With dumb appeal and tears that dared not flow, Hast laid thy loving arms about the boy, And clasped him wistfully and felt him far.

There is a sense of ignorance and helplessness in the presence of unfathomable powers and a deep joy and reverence as well.

The more deeply we love the more we feel the mystery in one another; we feel a bond that nothing can break, neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come.

Love reveals us to each other, but also in a sense it makes us greater strangers to one another. Our love is not blind. We see the faults of those we love more clearly than outsiders see them. We see the characters of those we love with more insight and understanding. Husbands and wives, parents and children, lovers and friends whose love is deep and true, see each other's limitations and each other's errors and failings with far-reaching knowledge. The difference between the judgment of the friend and the judgment of the outsider is not that the outsider sees more truly and that love conceals or does

not dare to face the facts. The difference is that the true friend sees something more which he does not understand, something mysterious, something eternal. An outsider will class me and explain me quite confidently. He knows my voice and my manner and my ways. He will anticipate what I shall do. He has made up his mind about He sees my faults, my ignorance, my incapacities. He thinks he knows exactly what I am good for and what I am not good for. He has come to a definite and complete conclusion about me and he gives his judgment very confidently. Our friends see all this with even more fullness of knowledge than the outsider, but for our friends there is always an element of mystery in us. There is something else which has never been revealed, powers of thought and will which are only dimly realized. There is a personality, an inner self which cannot be classed. We never think of our friend as one of a class completely known. He is a living soul, with an element of the infinite and eternal in him: he is essentially a mystery. We are only beginning to understand when death separates us for a little time. We feel that it will take all

eternity to understand each other, and that there will be always something beyond and above us.

This sense of mystery is not mere ignorance. It ends in the cry: 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.' It bows down in reverence and joy before the great deeps of God's love and goodness. The facts of life and death are not slurred over or ignored. It does not colour and alter them but it feels there is infinite meaning and love behind.

We are in the presence to-day of awful, almost overwhelming facts of conflict and suffering and death. Those of us who believe in God are not less aware of them or impressed by them than those who leave God out. It would be truer to say that we are more conscious of them and more troubled by them. The facts are more terrible, more of an outrage for those who cherish the ideals of Christianity and who believe in the possibility of men and nations living in harmony together upon earth, than for those who think meanly or hopelessly of man's character and destiny.

There is no one who feels the silence and separation of death so strongly as one who loves and who realizes the greatness and goodness of the soul. For a spectator, the passage from consciousness to unconsciousness is an ordinary common thing which may happen to anyone at any time and must happen to all some day. For those who love each other, it is the strangest, saddest, most moving of experiences, incomprehensible and painful beyond words. But through love we become conscious of its mystery. We cannot understand it or explain it, but we are certain there is more behind, a greatness and a glory unrevealed.

And so of this awful suffering and anguish and almost unbearable anxiety in which our lives are spent. We cannot understand, we cannot justify the ways of God to man, but we see, shining through the darkness,

gleams of light.

We see the courage of countless thousands of men standing firm for what they feel to be the cause of right, giving their lives for one another and for their country. We see heroism and self-sacrifice common as daylight, expecting no reward, seeking no praise. We feel ourselves in the presence of a great mystery of goodness revealing itself in the midst of evil and horror and pain.

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We stand in awe before these contradictions, these confusions, these painful conflicts. These things speak to us of something greater, more divine behind. They mean something which we cannot understand. There is a mystery in them.

All this effort, this devotion, this self-sacrifice, all these lives given at the call of duty, all this slaughter and pain—it is not just that and nothing more; just a moment's sacrifice and suffering and then death and the end. It is not just a newspaper narration of events, and a line or two of praise and then more struggle and more pain and death; just victory or defeat, or long continuous effort without clear result except in further loss and sorrow. To see the bare facts and not to feel the mystery behind the facts is to miss the most important thing, the inmost deepest thing.

We ought to feel that there is something far beyond and above our understanding in these tremendous facts of life and death. The bare facts of courage, pain and death are not the whole. There is something which is infinitely more behind. God is there, speaking to us through the mystery of duty and courage, of self-sacrifice and

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love. Our loved ones are always ours in life and death. Righteousness and justice are eternal principles which cannot be destroyed. There is the mystery of God above the battlefield and in the hospital and in the sorrowing home. He is with us through all the changes and the anxieties and pain. In him is our peace. In the midst of all the trouble and the suffering, we can still dare to say with Saint Paul: 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!

IX

PEACE SUNDAY

Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom he is well pleased.

—Luke ii. 14.

THERE are three possible translations of these words as they are found in the Greek. The first is the familiar and beloved form which is given in the Authorized Version: 'And on earth peace, goodwill toward men.' That is probably not the most correct translation, but it is so full of associations and of haunting beauty for us that it means more than any other. We do not analyse the words. They are interwoven with our memories of the peace and happiness of childhood. We feel it does not matter if they convey the exact meaning of the Greek. We are not concerned with the precise intellectual value of each word.

The phrase is precious to us and carries

with it ideas and sentiments beyond itself. It expresses the yearning for universal peace and goodwill. It is a mood which takes no account of the evil in the world and thinks only of love uniting all mankind. It is a beautiful, childlike, half-ignorant desire. It is the ultimate and perfect ideal, an ideal to be loved and longed for, but in thinking of it by itself we do not realize sufficiently the conditions of its attainment. The other two translations are perhaps less beautiful, but more closely related to the facts of life. One is 'peace on earth among men of goodwill,' and the other 'peace on earth among those in whom he is well pleased.' There is no essential difference between these two: the one is more ethical, the other more religious. The one describes man's virtues as his own, the other describes them from the point of view of God's approval.

The distinction between them is slight in comparison with the distinction between both of them and the first translation. True peace can only be established between men of goodwill or men in whom God is well pleased. There can be no peace between the good will and the evil will.

In our own lives we know there are evil tendencies of thought which war against the soul. To live at peace with the evil in our own hearts is to allow the evil to dominate our lives. It is equally true in the world outside that where the evil will exists the good will must strive against it. There can be no peace with the evil will. Jesus himself assuredly did not simply love the Pharisees and ignore the evil in them. He withstood them firmly; he rebuked them sternly. He did not attempt to live in any peace with them which ignored their hypocrisies and sins, or allowed them to forget his fierce condemnation of them. He was infinitely tender and forgiving towards those who showed repentance, but towards those who were proud of their sins and who proclaimed themselves righteous in their unrighteousness he was unyielding in his attitude of rebuke. himself, he could forgive everything. We remember the words, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' He saw the ignorant multitude watching callously the torture inflicted upon him and supporting it with their approval, and he knew they did not understand and that they were blindly following their rulers. He felt no anger against them, no desire for their punishment. He was pitiful and forgiving towards those who were led away, whose will was weak and overborne by those in authority; but against the evil will itself defying the laws of God, the laws of honour and justice and right, he strove with all his strength. With the evil will he desired to

make no peace.

To-day is Peace Sunday, and it is well for us all to desire peace and at the same time to remember its conditions. Never in our lives have we so longed for peace as we do now. Never perhaps in the history of the world has there been so deep and widely spread a yearning for peace as is found in human hearts on every side. For our sailors and soldiers and for the German sailors and soldiers too, it would be unutterable joy if peace could be proclaimed. They are weary and heart-sick with the absurdity and horror of this conflict. And for us at home, it would be a relief almost beyond imagination. To feel that the end had come at last to this hideous strife, to welcome back the living, to think reverently of the dead and to try to build up a nobler England more worthy of their sacrifice, to be free from this constant aching anxietywe cannot express how deep is our desire and yearning for that time. As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Peace, O God.

There can be no more cruel, no more complete misunderstanding of the temper of this nation than to imagine that we are enjoying this war, or that we are careless how long it continues, or that any neutral nation is feeling the misery and tragedy and waste of it more deeply than ourselves. It is as a sword piercing our own hearts. The iron has entered into our souls. We know the constant burden of anxiety; we know the suffering and sorrow and loss involved in this war as no neutral nation can know it. We long for peace with a longing far more intense and fervent and intimate than any they can feel.

Those old familiar words: 'On earth peace, goodwill among men,' express our heart's desire. Never has that ideal appeared so sacred, so beautiful, so divine as it does to us to-day. We need not and must not think of that ideal as a lovely but hopeless vision. I believe that it is more capable of realization than ever before, although it may be still a great way off. I believe that there will be multitudes of Germans as well as multitudes of the Allies who will go back to their homes at the end of this war eager and determined, with the help of God, that any recurrence of such a conflict shall be averted from their children and the generations yet unborn. They will have learnt to know by experience burnt into their memories but never to be described, the misery, the horror, and the absurdity of war. They will be prepared to seek peace and pursue it with an energy and conviction which will be a new force in the world. I look forward into the future with a great hope.

The ideal of a federation of the nations, united to put down lawless aggression and military aims and to rebuke with stern and instant condemnation the glorification of war is an ideal which is more possible than ever before. There is nothing in the laws of Nature or of life which prevents that ideal being realized. It depends on the good will. We may surely look with hope for that good will purified by suffering and sympathy. All that is best and wisest in

the world, all love and pity and tenderness, all reverence for life, all desire for human good can be and must be concentrated on the effort to make peace and goodwill prevail among mankind. Never again, we say, God helping us, shall such insensate outrages occur. Through suffering and sorrow and agony of conflict, we have gained a knowledge and a strength and a resolve which shall not fail.

But the conditions of such peace are that they should be between men of goodwill, men in whom God is well pleased. Any other peace would not be a real peace but only an armed truce. If we make peace with a nation whose rulers are entirely unrepentant and who would feel that they leave off, having gained at any rate part of the objects of their crime, we are not exercising Christian forgiveness, we are condoning wickedness.

Christian forgiveness, like many other Christian virtues, is easily degraded into foolish sentimentality and a perversion of morality. To treat wrong as if it did not matter, to treat a bad man still doing evil and taking pride in it as if he were a good man, to behave as if there were no such

thing as evil in the world, is certainly not

Christian forgiveness.

Nor is it Christian forgiveness to say when we see evil committed by a man or by a nation: 'I have no right to condemn you. I am just as bad as you.' No doubt Iesus did continually impress on men the need and duty of self-examination and humility. In our relations with others. when we are tempted to feel proud superiority and even to take delight in dwelling on their sins, nothing is more necessary than remembering our own. How often is it not true of all of us that we behold the mote which is in our brother's eye but consider not the beam which is in our own eve? No one can act rightly towards others who does not recognize clearly, and remember constantly with shame, his own failures and wrongdoing.

We know how sternly Jesus rebuked those who were triumphing over the woman taken in adultery. He hated self-satisfied righteousness which rejoices in the sins of others. But that is a very different thing from the attitude of mind which says: 'I am so bad that I have no right to assert anything is evil which some one else commits,

or to oppose it. I am so grievous a sinner that I have no right to think of, or concern myself, with any other sinner.' It is well enough to say with Orlando in 'As You Like It': 'I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.' He was speaking to the railing cynicism of Jacques who delighted to find fault with everything and everybody. He is not replying to a man full of a noble indignation against cruelty and injustice. There is no Christian forgiveness in saying: 'I am just as bad as you or worse. I have no right to interfere.' It was certainly not the attitude of Christ towards evil-doers. He did not himself say to sinners, ' I am just as bad as you, I have no right to rebuke your sins.' He did not teach his disciples to act in such a way.

Christian forgiveness means a willingness to forget wrong when the wrongdoer repents, not to brood on it and foster it and rejoice in it. It means a welcome to the wrongdoer if he is sorry for his sins. It means an infinite hopefulness always, a feeling that there is in a wrongdoer something more than his wrongdoing, that he is capable of better things and united with this a deep

desire to help him to be better and a feeling of joy in the thought of his moral recovery. To be unforgiving means that we refuse to forget, that we wish the wrongdoer to remain for ever in his iniquity; it means a savage joy in contemplating his wickedness, it means doing our best to keep the wrongdoer in his evil course.

There is great need for that spirit of forgiveness in our hearts to-day. It does not mean saying to our enemies, You have done no wrong at all. It does not mean saying, We have no right to express any condemnation because we are just as bad as you. That is not humble truth; it is humble falsehood. It is a pretentious and conceited humility, which takes pleasure in opposition to the facts in vilifying itself and destroying its own self-respect. A craven and blind humility is almost worse than arrogance.

Real forgiveness means saying, We are willing to forget if you turn from your wickedness and repent; it means believing there is good in our enemies behind the evil which we see so clearly and which we must condemn; it means recognizing that we ourselves have many faults and that

they are not the only evil-doers in the world. It means that we must be able to feel with all our hearts that we are not seeking revenge, that we are not seeking to crush a great nation in which there are many elements of good. It must mean that we are not seeking with delight and pride to humiliate them.

All that is very difficult, but it is not the impossibility and perversion of fact which would be involved in saying: 'You have done no real wrong, or if you have we are just as bad as you. Our aims were as selfish, our motives were as evil, our conduct has been as cruel as yours.' That we cannot say, and in the sight of God we have no right to say. We cannot make peace upon those terms. We cannot come together and say: 'Let bygones be bygones: it has all been a terrible mistake. We both meant well; we have both been self-deceived. We see now that we have been equally wrong, equally foolish and misled.'

It is not false pride but a deep conviction of truth which prevents us from saying this. We should be betraying the cause of justice and right if we allow ourselves to talk in such a way. There is a humility

which is simply the betrayal of a trust. It is not merely to lose that for which our young men have died. It would be a cowardly acquiescence in the power of evil.

We feel that our young men have died for a cause which is more important than their lives and than our sorrow. They have not been dying for a ridiculous delusion and mistake.

The peace we seek must be a peace in which some reparation for the awful crimes committed must be made. The peace we seek requires repentance and some security for our children and our children's children

against a recurrence of this wrong.

We are asked by the President of the United States of America, in what I believe to be a genuinely friendly and well-meaning note, to state our terms. I wish it were possible for our Government to do this in more definite language than the vague words reparation and security. We ought to make the neutral world realize the fact that we long for peace with a far deeper longing than their own. We ought to make it realize that we are not seeking revenge or rejoicing to humiliate our enemies.

Above all, we ought to make the Germans

themselves realize this. We want to be friends with them and to work side by side with them in future days for the reconstruction and lasting peace of Europe. But we cannot condone the crimes their rulers have committed and we have no right to do so. We cannot trust those who have broken their solemn bond and have ignored all moral principles. We cannot stop the war because we are weary and heart-sick and full of sorrow, until our end has been attained. That end is not the destruction and humiliation of Germany; it is not vengeance. It means the restoration of complete freedom to the little nations they have trampled underfoot, and some reparation to them for their sufferings. There can, alas! be no full reparation for all the ill that has been done. It means the defeat of the military power of Germany, and security against a revival of those lawless world-wide ambitions. There can be no peace while they still maintain a proud unbroken front and boast of their strength and their virtues and their righteousness. It would not be Christ-like to make peace with them in such a mood.

We need a spirit of forgiveness and

readiness to be reconciled, but united with this a firm resolve to go on through sorrow and suffering until the end for which we entered on this war has been attained. God help us to be forgiving; we shall need all His help for this. God help us also to be firm and patient and brave and to defend the right with all our strength.

REJOICE IN THE LORD

Rejoice in the Lord alway, again I will say, Rejoice.—Philippians iv. 4.

REMEMBER that these words were spoken by a man who had been often beaten and stoned; a man who had suffered innumerable hardships, poor, despised, and persecuted, in constant peril of his life. They were not spoken by a man living in a happy home surrounded by the love of wife and children, looking out in peace and thankfulness on a world which gave him everything he wanted. Paul was a prisoner in Rome when he wrote these words, chained night and day to a Roman soldier, awaiting his trial which he knew would probably lead to death. He was not humiliated or embittered by his sufferings. He can speak of them with a certain stern joy and pride. From henceforth let no man trouble me; for I bear branded on my body the marks of Jesus.' He is able to be happy and to speak of happiness to his disciples as some-

thing which they ought to feel.

This joy of Saint Paul was not merely joy in contemplating a glorious future for himself and for those he loved after death. It was not the happiness of feeling that he was going to be happy. There are some people who can only be happy in that way, by thinking of a happiness to come, whether on earth or in heaven. They cannot be happy in the present. They can only find happiness in expectation. Life is never beautiful for them. They can only say they hope it is going to be beautiful. Life is never good for them. They can only say they hope it is going to be good.

Now, of course, there is no doubt that Saint Paul faced the future with confidence and courage. He was certain that God's love would be about him in the days to come. But he was equally certain that God's love was with him now. He did not look up into the glory of the heavens out of a dark, dull, miserable life. He felt the glory of the life that now is as well as

the glory of the life that is to come.

It may seem almost wicked and certainly absurd to talk about happiness at the present time to many. In the midst of so much suffering and sorrow and wrong we say to ourselves we have no right to be happy even if we could. It is stern, set faces that are in harmony with the time and minds grimly concentrated on duty, sacrifice and sorrow without any thought or dream of inward happiness. If for a moment we let ourselves laugh or smile we have an uneasy feeling of being superficial and almost disloyal. I am forgetting what I want never to forget, we say. I am letting the little things of life steal away my sorrow. I am becoming careless and blind to the deep and awful things in life and death.

We are confusing light-mindedness with light-heartedness. No doubt there are men who do light-mindedly seek to drown their sorrow and sympathy or their memory of terrible experiences in mere pleasure, and that may be, if the pleasure is base and mean, a coward's refuge. There is always a danger in times of agony like these that base pleasures will gain more power over men. There can, of course, be no question that mere frivolity and sensuous forgetfulness

is to be condemned. We want to do nothing, to feel nothing which does not give us more power to endure, more sympathy with others, more courage, and more confidence in God. But to refuse all joy, to shrink from feeling happiness as though it were a vice does not make for courage or more sympathy. Rather it is true that those in whose hearts there is a song in the night are more inspiring to others and more ready to die than those who feel nothing but grim,

hard sorrow and almost despair.

It is indeed true that there are times in our lives when we cannot find joy or feel any happiness. It seems like mockery to talk of joy when we are mourning for our dead, when our lives are torn and bruised. I know well that there are times when it is impossible to be happy, but it is never a mockery to speak of joy. If we could feel the joy we should not be forgetting our dead, we should not be disloyal to them; we should be remembering them with even more tender love and should feel closer to them. There is nothing to be ashamed of in happiness even in the midst of sorrow. It is something to be sought for and desired most of all in times of pain and grief. However hard it may be of attainment, it is not something to be avoided and spurned as a desecration of our grief. When our hearts are very heavy and our minds are full of suffering and loss and we find ourselves among little children laughing at their play, there is no sense of any desecration of our sorrow. The noblest pain and sorrow find something beautiful and good and comforting in the gaiety and joy of little children. It does not make us angry; it does not hurt us; it speaks to our hearts of a joy and love which are deep within the realities of life and death. It is a song in the night.

There is a certain difference between the happiness of Jesus and Saint Paul which is worth consideration. The joy of Jesus was more childlike and more beautiful. It came out of a more immediate and permanent vision of God. It was more peaceful, more divine. We can well believe that there was no disappointment, no pain, no sorrow in his life which prevented him from rejoicing in the beauty of the world and the goodness of man. Little simple things of every day moved him with deep happiness; children and flowers, the song of birds, sunset and

dawn, the love of his friends, the widow woman casting two mites into the Treasury, all these things made his heart sing for jov. He felt the beauty of this life and the greatness of human nature to the depth of his soul. It did not make his sympathy for sorrow less; it made it more. The great sympathizers are not those who feel nothing but the pain and sorrow of their friends: they are not mere helpless participators, sitting down with their friends in the ashes like Job's comforters, impotently silent, and then because they must say something, beginning to darken counsel by words without knowledge. The great sympathizers are those who, like Jesus, have an insight into the beauty of life and the eternity of love, which no sorrow can destroy. I suppose that always, the best sympathy is just love; not an attempt to explain or to suggest any alleviation or even to talk about God, but just love-and love means the revelation to us of something infinitely beautiful. It means that our friend reveals to us something which endures. something divine. It means that we find in the love of our friends something to rejoice in and depend upon even in our sorrow. The world is no longer blank darkness and loneliness and despair.

The joy of Iesus was the joy of love, the joy in beauty, the sense of God's goodness revealing itself in all the little simple things of life, deeper and more real than all suffering and sorrow. It is the highest kind of joy, but I know that there are times when such joy seems impossible to us however much we wish it were our own. Suffering and sorrow weigh upon us so heavily and all the delicate beauty and wonder of life are incapable of touching us with any thrill of happiness. We say to ourselves I have not that deep, childlike joy of Tesus, that ever-present faith in God. My mind is full of pain and anxiety and the stress of conflict. I am weary and heavy laden and can find no peace.

In such a mood I think the joy of Paul appeals to us more deeply. It was not joy in beauty. There is little or no reference in Paul's letters as there is so often in the Gospels, to the beauty of the world. There is nothing like the great, wonderful words of Jesus, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not neither do they spin: yet I say unto you that even

Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.'

There was no appreciation of art in Saint Paul. He could visit Athens, where he was surrounded by the greatest works of art the world has ever seen, and yet be totally indifferent to them. He does not speak of little children with the tenderness and joy of Christ. He did not feel God manifest in his creation as Jesus did. He could say: 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now.' Paul's joy was the stern joy of one who was fighting for a cause in which he had absolute confidence, for which he gave everything without a fear, a cause in which it was his happiness to be enrolled. He could say of the ideal which he served: 'for whom I suffered the loss of all things and do count them but refuse that I may gain Christ and be found in him.' It was the sense of the tremendous value of life devoted to a great cause which was the source of Paul's joy. He thought of life as a great and sacred gift given him for service of the highest. He was perfectly certain that the warfare in which he was engaged was right and holy and he found joy as well as strength in serving to the utmost of his power the cause which had

been given him.

That is a source of joy which I think in some ways is easier for us to find to-day in the midst of our sorrow and suffering. We want, if we can, to have the joy of Jesus, his delight in beauty and in love and in goodness, his sense of the pervading presence of God, but at least if that fails us for a moment, we can find the joy of Paul, the joy of a warrior, fighting in a holy cause, the feeling of the worth of life devoted to great aims, suffering and dying on behalf

of right.

The besetting danger for us all to-day in the midst of the atmosphere of death is the feeling that life is an unimportant thing. We think of ourselves as useless and unnecessary. We think of our loved ones who have died as wasted and thrown away. We lay too much stress upon their lives and too little on our own. It is the purpose of life which makes it beautiful and great, not its length, not its achievement. Life in itself is nothing and death is nothing. It is the purpose of life which gives meaning and joy to it and which makes death noble and great. It is in the purpose of life that our joy is to be found. Those young men of ours who have died, those others who are risking their lives for us each day—we must not think of them with mere sadness and despair. They have given and are giving themselves for a great ideal. They are fulfilling themselves in the noblest, highest way. Whatever happens to them, they have gained the highest joy in life or death, the joy of self-forgetful service, of giving themselves for what they know is right. They have fought and suffered and denied themselves and the great secret of love and happiness has been revealed to them.

And for us at home there is still possible this joy, this deep sacred sense of the worth of life, dedicated to great purposes. The ideal for which our loved ones have died is the ideal for which we who remain during the little time which is given to us, must live. The real misery of life is always the absence of any feeling of high aim, of something great which calls out all our strength and love. The sense of futility, of having no great claims upon us, nothing which is worth while, that is what makes life sordid and wretched.

Give me some great claim upon me, make

me feel that I am under orders, show me some high adventure and some noble quest, we say, in our dull, miserable moments, and I shall be satisfied. It matters not how hard it is. I want something hard and dangerous and painful. Stir me out of my selfishness and lethargy of soul. Give me a great ideal, make me feel that my life is worth something because of the end to which it is dedicated, and that will be the highest joy which I can find.

Never surely was there a time when we could feel this so strongly as we feel it now. England has need of every one of us. Nav. it would be true to say that Germany has need of us. Our dead have laid upon us all a sacred and tremendous trust. There are children to be guided and educated and inspired with high ideals; there are broken lives to be comforted; there are confusions and miseries to be healed, there is bitter hatred to be overcome: there are nobler, truer thoughts of God and man revealed through suffering and sacrifice to be proclaimed. We need so sorely each other's love and trust and help and encouragement. We are called to give ourselves with all our strength for high and noble purposes. There

is a stern conflict still before us; there are endless difficulties to be met and overcome. We have much to suffer and to dare with cheerfulness and patience. I am needed. I can do something; my life is of some value to others and the world. Those who have died, have given everything. What am I doing? It must not be with sorrow and a sense of misery and fear as we think of the evil round about us, that we look forward to the coming days and give ourselves to the service of humanity. We have a high adventure, demanding all our strength, our thought, our love. We have each other's friendship and affection. There is a deep sense of fellowship uniting us together. Never was the thought of the love of our friends more precious to us, never could we help each other more than we can now, never did love mean so much to us as it does to-day.

It is a splendid and wonderful gift, this gift of life; we can make something great of it, greater than we have ever made, however unworthy we may feel, if we answer to the call for service. There is the call of God, sounding in all our hearts: Be strong and of good courage. Our sorrow makes

that call more clear and urgent. We must be more worthy of our dead. Those who have given all, claim from us our best. Not with unavailing tears and grief but with infinite reverence and love for them, we must go on with our work.

It is a great joy, this sense of a divine call to serve, to be happy warriors striving for the right, seeking to love and help each other and to give ourselves to the highest and noblest ends. That joy may be ours in the midst of pain and sorrow and will enable us to thank God even through our tears for those whom we have lost. That joy of service, neither life nor death nor things present nor things to come can take away.

XI

A LENTEN SERMON

Suffer hardship with me, as a good soldier of Christ Jesus.—2 Timothy ii. 3.

HIS is the first Sunday in Lent on which the Catholic and Anglican Churches are wont to invite their members to deny themselves some of their usual comforts and pleasures in order to practise the discipline of self-restraint. I must confess this call often seems to me a little artificial and unreal. To live in comparative ease and carelessness for the greater part of the year and then for forty days to practise self-denial in food and clothing and pleasures is an artificial and I think undesirable division of our life. God knows we all need self-control, but we need it, not for forty days each year, but every day of every year. We need to hold our lower nature in subjection; we need power to do our

duty when it is hard and wearisome; we need a strong, firm will which is capable of conquering the temptations of idleness or fear or pleasures which beset our path. But we need quite as much a generous and noble nature which is full of needs-need of sympathy, need of love, need of joy, a soul full of unsatisfied longings and high hopes and wistful dreams, and wonderful imaginings. Self-control is not in itself much evidence of character. It may be the mark of a man who has little to control: it may be the sign of timidity or of conventionality; it may indicate a passionless and stunted life which has never dared to love greatly or to desire much.

The best men and women are those in whom there are great emotions, great passions, great belief in happiness and an intense desire to realize their happiness, but united with this a will which controls these things within the limits which they recognize as imposed on them by God. They are not men who create a want in order to refuse to satisfy it. They do not make themselves hungry in order to decline food, or decline food in order to make themselves hungry. They do not take pleasure in

refusing pleasure; they do not invent wants and then say we will not satisfy them. There is no need to invent needs for any deep, strong nature. There are so many things in this life we can never have. There are so many desires which can never be fulfilled. There are so many beautiful things from which the stern demands of duty bid us turn away. No one can set himself strongly and steadily to do what seems to him the right, and to possess a great ideal without finding self-denial involved at every step. The man who needs a fixed season of Lent in which to practise self-control has never realized the constant strain and stress of life; he has never given himself to real warfare for the right, never looked up in reverent love and longing to the great ideal of Christ.

There is no reason whatever for feeling sad or depressed because self-denial and self-conquest are required of us. I believe that self-denial for its own sake or for the sake of pleasing God is out of harmony with the spirit of Christianity. It would indeed be a cause for melancholy views of life if we thought that God showed us happiness in order to forbid it, if we thought that joy

was in itself a dangerous or evil thing. I believe the very heart of Christianity is the unconquerable faith that we are made for joy and love, that God's will is that we should have more joy and more love than we have, and ever higher joy and higher love than we have yet imagined. We have all of us missed happiness which we might have had through our own blindness or selfishness or fears. That which spoils and dwarfs and embitters life is our own selfishness or evil thoughts. It is not God who spoils our life and makes it seem sometimes hardly worth the living. To believe that God takes pleasure in our pain is to deny God and to believe in the devil. The Gospel of Christ is good news; it is the Gospel of joy and love. It teaches us that there is nothing which we suffer, nothing we are called upon to do or bear which does not make for more joy and fuller love. And there is no hard line of distinction between this life and another, as though pain and sorrow and sacrifice were our portion here, and love and joy were to be found only after death. It is a nobler and higher conception of this life to think of it as part of an eternal process; we are in

heaven now if we only knew it-and we do know it sometimes. We cannot enter into all the meaning of love and joy; they are infinite and need eternity for their fulfilment, but we can find ever deeper love and joy in all our life, more peace, more strength, more perfect confidence in God. This is not mere faith affirmed in defiance of the facts of life. It is the result of the deepest and highest experiences. As we grow older we distinguish more and more clearly between trials and sorrows on the one hand and mere misery on the other. Trials and sorrows are intended: they come to us from God: they are felt most deeply by the noblest, most loving, most sympathetic, most gentle and pure-minded of men and women. To have passed through life without them would be a sign not of greatness or of good fortune but of poverty of soul. Love and longing and understanding, and a deep desire for the highest good, involve suffering and sorrow. We can only escape them by not loving, not feeling, not desiring any good. To be unloving and careless of right and good is to forfeit all possibility of high and noble joy.

But to suffer these things bravely and

cheerfully is to find in some strange uncomprehended way a greater joy, a higher love. They do not dwarf and spoil our lives; they make our lives more full of tenderness and trust, more wonderful and sacred. But mere misery and melancholy is a very different thing; it is the sense of futility and moral failure. It is the feeling that there is nothing great and good and beautiful in life, that we are creatures of circumstance, and that there is no work to do which is worth doing. It is the result, very often, of careless selfish pleasureseeking, the result of a life which has never learnt self-control and which has no high purpose, which gives it peace and power. It may be the result sometimes of trial and pain and sorrow, but if so, it is always not these things in themselves, but the failure of love and sympathy and courage. We can always be like the 'Happy Warrior'

Who, doomed to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower.

The older we grow and the more we see of life the more, I think, we feel that life is a great tragedy, and the more we feel that the life and death of Jesus which is the greatest tragedy in history ennobles and inspires us and that it is the highest inter-

pretation of life.

Life is tragic through and through, but it is not miserable. It is great and splendid beyond all words and thought. In our quest of love and joy, in our efforts to be pure and strong and true, we have to encounter difficulties and trials and sorrow constantly. The higher our ideal, the deeper our love, the more we long for beauty and good, the more certain we are to find thwarting circumstances and disappointment and apparent failure. It is impossible for anyone who really cares for right and good, impossible for anyone who really loves, to live always a smooth and easy life. But this is not a cause for fear and melancholy and depression. There is nothing to depress us in the life and death of Christ. It is the greatest comfort and inspiration to the heavy-laden soul which the world has ever seen. It is love and joy triumphant over death. It is the revelation of God in the midst of pain and weakness. To say that life is tragic is to make life more glorious, more splendid. It fills the heart with a stern and noble joy. We are made for happiness and love; nothing can hinder or spoil that happiness and love except our own cowardice and unfaithfulness. Outward trials and sorrows do not hinder that; they only make love and joy more pure, more strong, more beautiful, more tender. They help them to realize themselves.

Let us never think of hardships then as unmeaning or unkind. God wills through all our troubles to make our love and joy more perfect and more pure. Life and death are far greater and more wonderful than we can understand; sorrow and trials when nobly borne make us realize ever more deeply the infinite wealth of love and the

essential joy of life.

In this Lenten season, there is no need for any artificial restrictions and self-imposed sufferings, as though God wanted us to hurt or to deny ourselves in order to learn self-restraint. What we need now is a deeper and more faithful consecration of ourselves to duties and ideals which we recognize as right. In the fulfilment of duty and the following of those great ideals we shall find more joy and love. There is

no reason for any feeling of misery, any complaint, any fear as we look out into the future and say to ourselves life is going to be hard and sad and painful and restricted. For those who really care about and believe in the purposes which demand hardship and sacrifice, the right true thing to say is, life is going to be more interesting, more of a great adventure, more worth while, more rich in love and joy, because of the sacrifices I am called upon to make for the end towards which I strive.

To-day, as we all know, we are called upon to make sacrifices for the purpose of attaining the end to which we have set ourselves. and which we feel is the only end which will ensure the welfare of the world. We have made great sacrifices, some have made the supreme sacrifice of their own lives or of the lives of those they love. But the call comes to-day to our whole nation for more sacrifices, more care, more self-restraint. In the next few months, there may be hardships and limitations and trials which, as a nation, we have hardly ever known in our history. We are asked, each one of us, to feel our personal responsibility for the welfare of the whole, to take thought

for our household economy, to live sparingly, to avoid all extravagance, to limit ourselves to the bare necessities of life. The possibility of defeat through starvation is to be faced. Any luxury, any carelessness, any unnecessary expenditure of time or money in things that do not make for life or strength is not merely a personal weakness: it makes for the downfall of our national hopes. That is indeed always true to some extent. The luxury and extravagance of the few is always an injury to the nation; one man's waste is another man's want; one man's wrongdoing is another man's weakness. But to-day that truth is brought home to us as never before. We are responsible for one another's welfare. We each one by our conduct and the management of our lives are vitally affecting the welfare of the whole. There is no cause for fear or for dismay in feeling this. I believe it is good for this nation that it should realize to the depth of its soul in every section of it, how its members depend on one another and are responsible for one another. It is a stern and wholesome lesson which the time is teaching us. Every penny that we spend unnecessarily, everything which we eat and drink merely for pleasure and not for strength is making material for defeat and weakness. I confess I find it very hard to understand how anyone who thinks himself a patriot can touch intoxicating liquor at this time except under doctors' orders. I know indeed that it is hard to draw the line between pleasures which make for strength and pleasures which are mere pleasures, and it must be left for each man to decide for himself. always remembering the danger that wasteful pleasures which are mere pleasures are so easily interpreted by our own wishes and appetites into pleasures which make for strength. This call to sacrifice ought to fill us all with a noble, stern joy. We cannot suffer hardships comparable with those of our sailors and soldiers; they have to bear far more than we are bearing now or are likely to be called upon to bear. But we can feel a more real fellowship with them to-day. We too have to share some hardships with them. We have to go without things that we desire; we have to deny ourselves to some extent. It is a cause for joy and courage and not for grief or fear.

And if we believe firmly in the cause for which we are called upon to suffer with them, the trials which are involved are of very small account. Without a purpose and an aim, any crumpled rose leaf in our life may be a source of complaint and misery. But if we really believe in the justice of our cause, trials and hardship can be met with cheerfulness and constant faith. Two years and a half ago we made a momentous decision; one which as a nation, we felt with our whole heart and mind was right, one which we were bound to make. Nothing that has happened since has made it less right; the course of events has rather shown us ever more and more clearly that we could not do other than we did. Let us keep firm hold on that conviction. the strength of that conviction, we can go on with courage and can bear whatever hardships and sorrows the coming days may bring.

XII

THE REALITY OF ERROR AND EVIL

THE Athanasian Creed may be very cloudy and imperfect metaphysics, but it contains one extremely important and significant statement: 'Which Faith except every one do keep whole and undefiled. without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.' We repudiate the form of the statement, but there is much more substantial truth in it than has been always recognized. That statement affirms the existence of real error and the extreme mischief of error. It is not content, like many modern thinkers, with mildly arguing against error or explaining it away. It asserts that really to believe a lie is a dangerous and damnable condition.

I am not going to defend the doctrine of the Unity of God as against the doctrine of the Trinity, but on the other hand, I am not going to say that they mean really just the same thing. I am going to emphasize the fact that there are real evils, real errors in life and thought, and that the way to ultimate harmony is by recognizing and opposing them, and not by explaining them away in a misty benevolence of kindly sympathy.

We are often told, and rightly told, that to feel the fundamental importance of the things on which we are agreed, and the comparative unimportance of the things about which we differ, is a great happiness, breaking in on wearisome divisions and misunderstandings. There are many bitter controversies and disputes which could be and ought to be avoided if men knew each other better, if they pierced below the surface and saw the underlying unity.

But is it always true that the fundamental things are the things about which every one is really in agreement with every one else, and the superficial things are the only things about which there is any dispute? It belonged to the theory of life and truth generally held by liberal, tolerant men in the last half of the nineteenth century to answer that question in the affirmative.

The view was that we all really mean

the same thing, that we all really worship the same God. We use different language, different forms, different creeds and ritual, but essentially we are one. The differences are skin-deep; all philosophers, all theologians, all who are trying to express what they conceive to be the truth are really saying the same thing, or, at all events, are really describing the same truth from different points of view, We express ourselves differently, but the thing which each is trying to express is the same. Whether we call God Zeus or Jehovah or Jesus, or whether we call him the great Unknown or the First Cause or Force or Matter is of no real significance. We really mean the same thing all the time. Our differences are superficial, our agreements are fundamental.

That view went on, with less clearness but no less cogency, to abolish moral distinctions as well as intellectual ones. Fundamentally, all men are good. Moral differences are only superficial. There is no real evil, just as there is no real error. All men are, with more or less success, trying to be good; all actions are more or less satisfactory attempts to attain goodness. 'To understand every-

thing,' as the French proverb says, 'is to pardon everything.' No man really means harm, no man really loves cruelty and wickedness. Moral distinctions are only superficial.

That seems to me the tendency of nineteenth century tolerant Liberalism. There was no fundamental opposition between men or between thoughts. Falsehood and evil are merely imperfect truth and imperfect goodness. The blessed word evolution explained it all. They were only different stages of the one great divine process. What we call evil is only goodness rather less developed than what we call good. Its form is imperfect, but its soul is sound. What we call error is only truth a little less developed than what we call truth. All history is a harmony; it is a process widening with the suns. There is nothing definitely wrong or false anywhere. All we find are infinite varieties of imperfection, infinite varieties of inadequate expressions of one fundamental eternal reality. Every man who really believes something and lives by it, is believing the same thing as another man who is equally convinced of what, on the surface, looks like the exact opposite.

The apparent contradictions are only due to misunderstanding or to imperfection of our powers of expression. All sincere thought is really true thought, and can be interpreted, if rightly understood, in terms of what looks like its contradictory. Sincere Atheism is really sincere Theism, if you pierce below the surface, or at any rate they are both equally important and equally inadequate expressions of the same fundamental Reality. Sincere selfishness is really sincere but ignorant unselfishness, if you enter sympathetically into the mind of the selfish man. That sounds very broad and kind, but it becomes much more significant and more dangerous if you turn it the other way, as men often did and say: All sincere unselfishness, is really sincere but ignorant selfishness, if you enter sympathetically into the mind of the unselfish man.

The result of this wide tolerance and this happy optimism, that all nations want peace and all individuals want goodness, and that all thinkers are essentially agreed, was an extraordinary anarchy and cynicism. We were never more at odds with one another than under this theory that everybody was right and nobody was wrong. We did not,

indeed, dispute much with one another about the great things which have divided men in the past. We did not quarrel about God. If Atheism meant the same thing as Theism there was no reason for doing so. We did not quarrel about goodness; if all men are essentially good, and the vicious man was only a little less developed-or perhaps a little more developed as some thought—than the virtuous man, there was no reason for doing so. Let each man work out his own thoughts and his own ideals on his own lines, and each will contribute to the one underlying truth. The strange thing is that this theory did not make for peace. We were divided into parties and classes bitterly critical of one another and fighting one another. In the absence of any clear consciousness of right and wrong, truth and falsehood, we were content to think of each other as fools and idiots. We were always trying to show up the crass ignorance and stupidity of the other side.

Critics were busy proving with great enjoyment and a pose of intense superiority that those who thought they believed in God did not really believe in God, and that those who thought they had high ideals really had low ideals. The tendency was to prove that we all meant the same thing by proving that we all meant a selfish and mean thing. The saints are no better than the sinners, the philosophers are no wiser than the savages, that is the way in which the fundamental unity of the human race was often proved. The man who imagines he is standing for something great is really only standing for something base and small. The nation which imagines it is fighting for the freedom of small peoples is really only fighting for its own hand. We are all just alike, whatever our pretences, dominated by pride and passion and greed. The only difference is the comparatively superficial one that some people know it and the majority are pretending or deluded. The best men on these lines are those who definitely and sincerely want something for themselves and devote themselves to getting it, and do not pretend to be doing anything else. To be manifestly selfish and aggressive is a stronger and wiser course than to be a hypocrite.

And now that theory of underlying identity in all men and in all opinions has broken down. We have awakened to the

realization of the reality of error and of evil. We are not inclined to explain Prussia's action as a mistaken quest for good. It is not something which means really just the same thing as that of the Allies, but which is differently expressed. There are some people who carry on the old traditions of a superficial optimism which cannot recognize real evil or error anywhere or in anyone, and who continue to talk as if there were no deeply grounded opposition. For them this war-as many wars have been-is a mere tragic muddle. We are all equally wrong or equally right. We are involved in an awful conflict which means nothing and which is mainly due to mistakes and mutual misunderstandings. There is no real contradiction between the ideals of the two antagonists. We are just as selfish as Germany, or if we prefer to express it more pleasantly, Germany is just as unselfish as ourselves.

When this is urged against violent denunciations of a whole nation, it has some truth in it which is of value. Undoubtedly, some Englishmen are as selfish and ignorant as some Germans. Undoubtedly some Germans are as chivalrous and as tender-

hearted as some Englishmen. Nevertheless, we feel-and the great world of neutral nations feels with us on the whole—that this war is a conflict of two ideals, that there is a right and a wrong, a good and an evil, which are opposed to one another. We feel ourselves confronted with ideals and aims which are not another expression for our own ideals and aims, and with which, if we understood them better, we could live in perfect harmony. We feel ourselves confronted with ideals and aims which are in definite and strong antagonism with the things we cherish and reverence the most. They cannot be harmonized: they are diverse and opposed to one another. If our conception of freedom and of the rights of little nations and of the way in which nations should live together is right, then those of our antagonist are fundamentally, not superficially, wrong. We are not agreed under the surface.

We have been rudely awakened to the existence of the evil will; we have become more deeply conscious of the reality of sin and error, we have come to feel that sincerity is not everything, and that the old optimistic doctrine, that if only men are sincere all is

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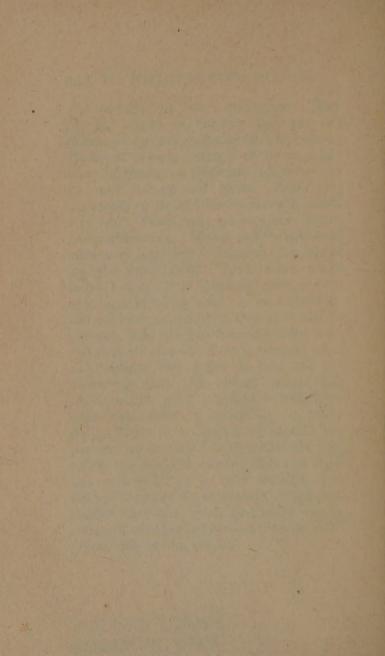
well, is untrue. No one can doubt the sincerity with which the German faith is held by large multitudes, but that only makes the false theory, so sincerely held and so bravely supported, more dangerous and deadly.

That deepened sense of the reality of evil and error will have a far-reaching influence on religion and life. It would, of course, be utterly inadequate to confine the opposition to our present conflict, and I am sure that in all honest minds it will not be so confined. The Prussian system of militarism is not the only example of the evil will, of something incompatible with good, of something which all the forces of good must seek to overthrow. There is sin in our own hearts, there is evil with which we have to strive in our own national life.

And the perversion of truth which we recognize so clearly in Prussian thoughts and aims is not the only perversion of truth which can be found. It is only the most striking and dangerous illustration of what is widespread and ever thwarting the progress of the world. Our eyes have been opened by this world-wide conflict between two ideals to the reality of evil and of error,

and we have felt their awful power. They are not friends in disguise, they are not different ways of expressing the same thing. No doubt there is a danger of the recrudescence of bigotry in this view, against which we must be on our guard. There was something in the old liberal thought which was true. Good men may express themselves differently. Words and thoughts are often very imperfect instruments for revealing the inner mind. Truth takes many forms because it is infinitely greater than any form in which men try to express it. But we have to recognize that all doctrines sincerely held are not fundamentally true, and that all men who dare to live out what they believe and desire as best are not necessarily good. We cannot embrace the whole world with a genial, comfortable sense that after all everybody is really right. There is a conflict of infinite importance to be waged both within the soul and in the world, a conflict with real error and real evil. It is only through such fearless facing of the facts and through such conflict that true peace and unity can be attained, whether in our own lives or in the greater life of the whole.

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